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CAPTAIN DAVIS: A CALIFORNIAN BALLAD.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

THE sources of the following ballad are to be found in the California papers of December, 1854. It appears from letters published in the *Mountain Democrat* (extra) and the *Sacramento Statesman*, (extra,) that a party of miners were encamped near Rocky-Cañon, a deep and almost inaccessible, uninhabited, rocky gorge, near Todd's Valley; and it happened that some of them were out hunting near the cañon, in which they saw 'three men quietly following the trail to prospect a mine of gold-bearing quartz in the vicinity. Suddenly, a party of banditti sprang out of a thicket, and commenced firing at the three who were prospecting. James McDonald, of Alabama, was killed at the first shot. Dr. Bolivar A. Sparks, of Mississippi, fired twice at the robbers, and fell, mortally wounded. Captain Jonathan R. Davis, of South-Carolina, then drew his revolvers and commenced shooting at the enemy — every ball forcing its victim to bite the dust. He was easily distinguished from the rest by his white hat, and from his being above the medium height. The robbers then made a charge upon him with their knives and one sabre. Captain Davis stood his ground firmly until they rushed up *abreast* within four feet of him. He then made a spring upon them with a large Bowie-knife, and gave three of them wounds which proved fatal.' Afterward he killed all the rest, and then tore up his shirt to bind the wounds of the survivors. The party of spectators then came down. It seems they had been prevented joining in the fight from a sense of etiquette: as the letter of one party expresses it — 'Being satisfied that they were *all strangers*, we hesitated a moment before we ventured to go down.' When they got down, they found eleven men stretched on the ground, with some others in a hopeless condition. They then formed a coroner's jury, and held an inquest over twelve dead bodies. Captain Davis was the only living person left in the Rocky-Cañon. One letter says: 'Although we counted twenty-eight bullet-holes through Captain Davis' hat and clothes,

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(seventeen through his hat and eleven through his coat and shirt,) he received but two very slight flesh-wounds.'

The ballad was written, during intervals of severe occupation, upon the backs of business-letters and scraps of cartridge-paper, in rail-road cars, and on the Hoboken ferry-boat. This will be obvious to the skillful, upon perusal. The object of the writer was to preserve, in the immortal KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, a record of the 'Battle of Rocky-Cañon,' for fear the story might be lost in the perishable pages of the daily press :

ALL the heroes that ever were born,
Native or foreign, bearded or shorn,
From the days of HOMER to OMAR Pasha,
Who mauled and maltreated the troops of the CZAR,
And drove the rowdy Muscovite back,
Fin and Livonian, Pole and Cossack,
From gray Ladoga to green Ukraine,
And other parts of the Russian domain,
With an intimation exceedingly plain,
That they'd better cut! and not come again:
All the heroes of olden time
Who have jingled alike in armor and rhyme,
HERCULES, HECTOR, QUINTUS CURTIUS,
POMPEY, and Pegasus-riding PERSEUS,
Brave BAYARD, and the brave ROLAND,
Men who never a fight turned backs on;
CHARLES, the Swede, and the Spartan band,
CORIOLANUS, and General JACKSON,
RICHARD the Third, and MARCUS BRUTUS,
And others, whose names won't rhyme to suit us,
Must certainly sink in the dim profound
When Captain DAVIS' story gets round.

Know ye the land where the sinking sun
Sees the last of earth when the day is done?
Where the course of empire is sure to stop,
And the play conclude with the fifth-act drop? *
Where, wonderful spectacle! hand in hand
The oldest and youngest nations stand?
Where yellow Asia, withered and dry,
Hears Young America, sharp and spry,
With thumb in his vest, and a quizzical leer,
Sing out, 'Old Fogie, come over here!'
Know ye the land of mines and vines,
Of monstrous turnips and giant pines,
Of monstrous profits and quick declines,
And HOWLAND and ASPINWALL'S steam-ship lines?
Know ye the land so wondrous fair?
Fame has blown on his golden bugle,
From Battery-place to Union-square,
Over the Park and down McDUGAL;
Hither, and thither, and everywhere,
In every city its name is known;
There is not a grizzly Wall-street bear
That does not shrink when the blast is blown:
There DIVES sits on a golden throne,
With LAZARUS holding his shield before,

* See BERKELEY.

Charged with a heart of auriferous stone,
 And a pick-axe and spade on a field of *or*.
 Know ye the land that looks on Ind?
 There only you 'll see a pacific sailor,
 Its song has been sung by JENNY LIND,
 And the words were furnished by BAYARD TAYLOR.

Seaward stretches a valley there,
 Seldom frequented by men or women;
 Its rocks are hung with the prickly-pear,
 And the golden balls of the wild persimmon;
 Haunts congenial to wolf and bear,
 Covered with thickets, are everywhere;
 There 's nothing at all in the place to attract us,
 Except some grotesque kinds of cactus;
 Glittering beetles with golden wings,
 Royal lizards with golden rings,
 And a gorgeous species of poisonous snake,
 That lets you know when he means to battle
 By giving his tail a rousing shake,
 To which is attached a muffled rattle.

Captain DAVIS, (JONATHAN R.,)
 With JAMES McDONALD, of Alabama,
 And Dr. BOLIVAR SPARKS were *thar*,
 Cracking the rocks with a miner's hammer.
 Of the valley they 'd heard reports
 'That plenty of gold was there in quartz.'
 Gold in quartz they marked not there,
 But p'int enough on the prickly pear,
 As they very soon found
 When they sat on the ground,
 To scrape the blood from their cuts and scratches;
 For a rickety cactus had stripped them bare,
 And cobbled their hides with crimson patches.
 Thousands of miles they are from home,
 Hundreds from San Francisco city;
 Little they think that near them roam
 A baker's dozen of wild banditti:
 Fellows who prowl, like stealthy cats,
 In velvet jackets and sugar-loaf hats,
 Covered all over with trinkets and crimes,
 Watches and crosses, pistols and feathers,
 Squeezing virgins and wives like limes,
 And wrapping their legs in unpatented leathers:
 Little they think how close at hand
 Is that cock of the walk — 'the Bold Brigand!'

And here I wish to make a suggestion
 In regard to those conical, sugar-loaf hats,
 I think those banditti, beyond all question,
 Some day will find out they 're a parcel of flats;
 For if that style is with them a passion,
 And they stick to those hats in spite of the fashion,
 Some Tuscan LEARY, GENIN, or KNOX
 Will get those brigands in a — bad box;
 For the Chief of Police will send a 'Star'
 To keep a look-out near the hat-bazar:
 And when FRA DIAVOLO comes to buy
 The peculiar mode that suits his whim,
 He may find out, if the Star is spry,
 That instead of the hat they 've ironed him.

Captain DAVIS, and JAMES McDONALD,
 And Doctor SPARKS together stand;
 Suddenly, like the fierce Clan RONALD,
 Bursts from the thicket the Bold Brigand,
 Sudden, and never a word spoke they,
 But pulled their triggers and blazed away.

'Music,' says HALLECK, 'is everywhere;'
 Harmony guides the whole creation;
 But when a bullet sings in the air
 So close to your hat that it moves your hair,
 To enjoy it requires a taste quite rare,
 With a certain amount of cultivation.
 But never music, homely or grand,
 GRISI's 'Norma' or GUNGL's band,
 The distant sound of the watch-dog's bark,
 The coffee-mill's breakfast-psalm in the cellar,
 'Home, Sweet Home,' or the sweet 'Sky-lark,'
 Sung by Miss PYNE, in 'Cinderella;'
 Songs that remind us of days of yore,
 Curb-stone ditties we loved to hear,
 'Brewers' yeast!' and 'Straw, oat straw!'
 'Lily-white corn, a penny an ear!'
 Rustic music of chanticleer,
 'Robert the Devil,' by MEYERBEER,
 Played at the 'Park' when the WOODS were here,
 Or any thing else that an echo brings
 From those mysterious vibrant strings,
 That answer at once, like a telegraph line,
 To notes that were written in '*Old Lang Syne*;
 Nothing, I say, ever played or sung,
 Organ panted, or bugle rung,
 Not even the horn on the Switzer Alp,
 Was half so sweet to the Captain's ear
 As the sound of the bullet that split his scalp,
 And told him a scrimmage was awful near.

Come, O Danger! in any form,
 'The earthquake's shock or the ocean-storm;'
 Come, when its century's weight of snow
 The avalanche hurls on the Swiss chateau;
 Come with the murderous Hindoo Thug,
 Come with the Grizzly's fearful hug,
 With the Malay's stab, or the adder's fang,
 Or the deadly flight of the boomerang,
 But never come when carbines bang
 That are fired by men who must fight or hang.

On they came, with a thunderous shout
 That made the rocky cañon ring:
 ('Cañon,' in Spanish, means tube, or spout,
 Gorge, or hollow, or some such thing.)
 On they come, with a thunderous noise;
 Captain DAVIS said, calmly, 'Boys,
 I've been a-waiting to see them chaps;'
 And with that he examined his pistol-caps;
 Then a long, deep breath he drew,
 Put in his cheek a tremendous chew,
 Stripped off his waist-coat and coat, and threw
 Them down, and was ready to die or do.

Had I BRYANT's belligerent skill,
 Would n't I make this a bloody fight?
 Or ALFRED TENNYSON's crimson quill,
 What thundering, blundering lines I'd write!
 I'd batter, and back, and cut, and stab,
 And gouge, and throttle, and curse, and jab;
 I'd wade to my ears in oaths and slaughter,
 Pour out blood like brandy and water;
 Hit 'em again if they asked for quarter,
 And clinch, and wrestle, and yell, and bite.
 But I never could wield a carnivorous pen
 Like either of those intellectual men.
 I love a peaceful, pastoral scene,
 With drowsy mountains, and meadows green,
 Covered with daisies, grass, and clover,
 Mottled with Dorset or South-down sheep,
 Better than fields with a red turf over,
 And men piled up in a Waterloo heap.
 But, notwithstanding, my fate cries out:
 'Put Captain DAVIS in song and story!
 That children hereafter may read about
 His deeds in the Rocky-Cañon foray!'

JAMES McDONALD, of Alabama
 Fell at the feet of Doctor SPARKS;
 'Doctor,' said he, 'I'm as dead as a hammer,
 And you have a couple of bullet-marks.
 This,' he gasped, 'is the end of life.'
 'Yes,' said SPARKS, 't is a mighty solver;
 Excuse me a moment — just hold my knife,
 And I'll hit that brigand with my Colt's revolver.'

Then through the valley the contest rang,
 Pistols rattle and carbines bang;
 Horrible, terrible, frightful, dire
 Flashed from the vapor the foot-pads' fire,
 Frequent, as when in a sultry night
 Twinkles a meadow with insect-light;
 But deadlier far, as the Doctor found,
 When, crack! a ball through his frontal bone
 Laid him flat on his back on the hard-fought ground,
 And left Captain DAVIS to go it alone!

Oh! that ROGER BACON had died!
 Or SCHWARTZ, the monk, or whoever first tried
 Cold iron to choke with a mortal load,
 To see if saltpetre would n't explode.
 For now, when you get up a scrimmage in rhyme,
 The use of gun-powder so shortens the time,
 That just as your Iliad should have begun,
 Your epic gets smashed with a PAIXHAN gun;
 And the hero for whom you are tuning the string
 Is dead before 'arms and the man' you sing;
 To say nothing of how it will jar and shock
 Your verses with hammer, and rammer, and stock,
 Bullet and wad, trigger and lock,
 Nipple and cap, and pan and cock.
 But would n't I like to spread a few pages
 All over with arms of the middle ages?
 Would n't I like to expatiate
 On Captain DAVIS in chain or plate?

Spur to heel, and plume to crest,
 Visor barred, and lance in rest,
 Long, cross-hilted brand to wield,
 Cuirass, gauntlets, mace, and shield;
 Cased in proof himself and horse,
 From frontlet-spike to buckler-boss;
 Harness glistening in the sun,
 Plebeian foes, and twelve to one!
 I tell you now there's a beautiful chance
 To make a hero of old romance;
 But I'm painting his picture for after-time,
 And do n't mean to sacrifice truth for rhyme.

Cease, Digression: the fray grows hot!
 Never an instant stops the firing;
 Two of the conical hats are shot,
 And a velvet jacket is just expiring.
 Never yields Captain DAVIS an inch,
 For he did n't know how, if he wished, to flinch.
 Firm he stands in the Rocky Gorge,
 Moved as much by those vagrom men
 As an anvil that stands by a blacksmith's forge
 Is moved by the sledge-hammer's 'ten-pound-ten!'
 Firm, though his shirt, with jag and rag
 Resembles an army's storming-flag:
 Firm, till sudden they give a shout,
 Drop their shooters and clutch their knives;
 When he said: 'I reckon their powder's out,
 And I've got three barrels, and that's three lives!

One! and the nearest steeple-crown
 Stood aghast, as a minster spire
 Stands, when the church below is on fire,
 Then trembles, and totters, and tumbles down.
 DON PASQUALE the name he bore,
 Near Lecco was reared his ancestral cot,
 Close by Lago Como's shore,
 For description of which, see 'CLAUDE MELNOTTE.'
 Two! and instantly drops, with a crash,
 An antediluvial sort of moustache;
 Such as hundreds of years had grown,
 When scissors and razors were quite unknown.
 He from that Tuscan city had come,
 Where a tower is built all out of — plumb!
 PURITANI his name was hight —
 A terrible fellow to pray or fight:
 Three! and as if his head were cheese,
 Through CASTADIVA a bullet cut;
 Knocked a hole in his os unguis,
 And bedded itself in the occiput.
 Daily to mass his widow will go,
 In that beautiful city, a lovely moaner,
 Where those supernatural sausages grow,
 Which we mis-pronounce when we style 'Bellona!'

As a crowd that near a dépôt stands,
 Impatiently waiting to take the cars,
 Will 'clear the track' when its iron bands
 The ponderous, fiery hippogriff jars:

Yet the moment it stops do n't care a pin,
But hustle and bustle and go right in ;
So the half of the band that still survives,
Comes up, with long moustaches and knives,
Determined to mince the Captain to chowder,
So soon as it's known he is out of powder.

Six feet one, in trousers and shirt,
Covered with sweat, and blood, and dirt ;
Not very much scared, (though his hat was hurt,
And as full of holes as a garden-squirt ;)
Awaiting the onslaught, behold him stand
With a twelve-inch 'BOWIE' in either hand.
His cause was right, and his arms were long,
His blades were bright, and his heart was strong ;
All he asks of the trinketed clan
Is a bird's-eye view of the foremost man ;
But shoulder to shoulder they come together,
Six sugar-loaf hats and twelve legs of leather ;
Fellows whose names you can't rehearse
Without instinctively clutching your purse :

BADIALI and BOTTESINI,
Fierce ALBONI and fat DANDINI,
Old RUBINI and MANTILLINI,
CHERUBINI and PAGANINI:
(But I had forgot the last were shot ;
No matter, it do n't hurt the tale a jot.)

Onward come the terrible crew !
Waving their poignards high in air,
But little they dream that seldom grew
Of human arms so long a pair
As the Captain had hanging beside him there,
Matted from shoulder to wrist with hair,
Brawny, and broad, and brown, and bare.

Crack ! and his blade from point to heft
Had cloven a skull, as an egg is cleft ;
And round he swings those terrible flails,
Heavy and swift, as a grist-mill sails ;
Whack ! and the loftiest conical crown
Falls full length in the Rocky Valley ;
Smack ! and a duplicate Don goes down,
As a ten-pin falls in a bowling-alley.

None remain but old RUBINI,
Fierce ALBONI, and fat DANDINI ;
Wary fellows, who take delight
In prolonging, as long as they can, a fight,
To show the science of cut and thrust,
The politest method of taking life ;
As some men love, when a bird is trussed,
To exhibit their skill with a carving-knife ;
But now with desperate hate and strength.
They cope with those arms of fearful length.
A scenic effect of skill and art,
A beautiful play of tierce and carte,
A fine exhibition it was, to teach
The science of keeping quite out of reach.

But they parry, and ward, and guard, and fend,
 And rally, and dodge, and slash, and shout,
 In hopes that from mere fatigue in the end
 He either will have to give in or give out.

Never a Yankee was born or bred
 Without that peculiar kink in his head
 By which he could turn the smallest amount
 Of whatever he had to the best account.
 So while the banditti cavil and shrink,
 It gives Captain DAVIS a chance to THINK;
 And the coupled ideas shot through his brain,
 As shoots through a village an express-train;
 And then! as swift as the lightning flight,
 When the pile-driver falls from its fearful height,
 He brings into play, by way of assister,
 His dexter leg, as a sort of ballista.
 Smash! in the teeth of the nearest rogue,
 He threw the whole force of his hob-nailed brogue!
 And a horrible yell from the rocky chasm
 Rose in the air like a border slogan,
 When old RUBINI lay in a spasm,
 From the merciless kick of the iron brogan.

As some old WALTON, with line and hook,
 Will stand by the side of a mountain-brook,
 Intent upon taking a creel of trout;
 But finds so many poking about,
 Under the roots, and stones, and sedges,
 In the middle, and near the edges,
 Eager to bite, so soon as the hackle
 Drops in the stream from his slender tackle,
 And finally thinks it a weary sport,
 To fish where trout are so easily caught;
 So Captain DAVIS gets tired at last
 Of fighting with those that drop down so fast,
 And a tussle with only a couple of men
 Seems poor kind of fun, after killing of ten!
 But just for the purpose of ending the play
 He puts fierce ALBONI first out of the way;
 And then to show Signor DANDINI his skill,
 He splits him right up, as you'd split up a quill;
 Then drops his Bowie and rips his shirt,
 To bandage the wounds of the parties hurt;
 An act as good as a moral, to teach
 'That none are out of humanity's reach,'
 An act that might have produced good fruit,
 Had the brigands survived, but they did n't do it.

Sixteen men do depose and say,
 'That in December, the twentieth day,
 They were standing close by when the fight occurred,
 And are ready to swear to it, word for word,
 That a bloodier scrimmage they never saw;
 That the bodies were sot on, accordin' to law;
 That the provocation and great excitement
 Would n't justify them in a bill of indictment;
 But this verdict they find against Captain DAVIS,
 That if ever a brave man lived — he brave is.'

A R A M B L E I N O C T O B E R .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It is Willis who says that 'cities are convenient places of refuge from winter and bad weather, but one longs to get out into the country, like a sheep from a shed, with the first warm gleam of sun-shine.'

I believe in this. To me a hegira into the country is a solace in all seasons. It invigorates the spirits; it soothes care, and sharpens the sense of existence and enjoyment as nothing else can.

But *October*, and the mellow Indian summer! As often as it comes it stirs in me the old feeling. Straightway I am a boy again, and must away to the woods and mountains, as of yore, that I may inhale the sweet breath of Nature, and, in the silence of majestic forests, *some-where* — the particular *where* it matters not:

'READ, whisperingly,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's
Holy writ.'

The present season has been unusually prodigal in its gift of balmy days; or else, a close imprisonment in town for the summer has made me more than ordinarily sensible of such as have been vouchsafed.

But, resisting obstinately the unbroken succession of cloudless days which led in and out an unparalleled September, and smothering successfully, in the dull routine of duties, another half-month of delicious out-door weather, I came suddenly to the conclusion that I could endure it no longer. 'Something must be done,' I resolved inwardly.

On the morning which followed this somewhat dogged determination I threw up my window, and *felt in my bones* the advent of the veritable Indian summer. The signs of its approach are unmistakable.

A few clouds in the Orient were retiring leisurely before the warm sun, aided by a breath of wind, scarcely perceptible, yet bearing on its bosom the perfume of forests in the far-off south-west.

All along the horizon lay a mantle of yellow haze, which gradually and imperceptibly mingled with the azure of a transparent sky. It was neither cloud, nor mist, nor yet smoke, but a consolidation of light rather, present everywhere, but impalpable, and lending to the landscape a dreamy beauty. This mysterious something it is which, pervading the atmosphere, yet not alloying it, gives at this season, to every object in nature a lustre not its own; and which at other times we miss, as, in the realm of Art, we look in vain in the common landscape for the charm which affects us in the sun-sets of Turner or a Claude.

But I find myself already lost in the enjoyments of balmy October, while as yet I am only dreaming at my open window.

Having found a companion of congenial spirit, with leisure on his hands for a three-days' intercourse with Nature, we at once cast about for a choice of localities in which to indulge our vagrant propensities.

Shall it be *Conway-ward* — the chosen haunt of artist-life, and the locale of scenery of such abounding beauty as to make it even now the acknowledged rival of the Saxon Switzerland?

Or shall it be '*up the river*'? — the upper sources of the Connecticut, I mean — where, from much familiarity, the writer deposeth that, if he would, he could tell of more attractions than either the Elbe or the Rhine can boast.

Shall we wake up the grim Old Man of Franconia, now preparing for his hybernal slumbers? or visit, in her autumnal solitudes, that form of marvellous beauty which lies at full length among the mountains of Northern New-Hampshire?

'*Ipsa Natura alma recubans sub tegmine montis*'?

Or shall we turn our steps toward Berkshire, now made classic by the homes of the poets? thence, by easy stages, down the valley of the Hudson, to linger in the lap of Sleepy Hollow or on the broad bosom of the Tappaan Sea, and bring up, at length, in the great metropolis?

Or, last, *but not least*, shall we explore the Connecticut valley in Massachusetts, so rich in its quiet beauty, and not wanting in historic lore?

On weighing each and every attraction and inducement in connection with these dainty *morceaux* of travel, it was decided to adopt the latter: *first*, because of its propinquity, as more according with our limited three-days' leave of absence; *secondly*, the easy nature of the field being more congenial to the somewhat heavy corporeal carpentry of my companion, (may he pardon the allusion:); and, *thirdly*, because of certain traditions of enormous tracks of antediluvian fowls, still extant in the rocky bed of the stream, in this locality, the pretended search for which would give a scientific air to our wanderings, and which curiosities we were really desirous to see.

Behold us, then, in the declination of the mellow afternoon, fully equipped for so eventful an expedition — with maps, guide-books, and charts complete, as though bound on a cruise in search of the missing Sir John.

It would have gladdened the heart of Mungo Park to contemplate my partner in rurality, togged out in his travelling-panoply. I forbear any attempt at description.

Viewed by fagot-light, in his blanket and peaked sombrero, he would have passed current anywhere as 'king of a gipsy band,' if not the *Fra-Diavolo* himself. My own equipments, which I had hitherto regarded with some complacency — especially a slouched tarpaulin which had borne me company through many a storm and blast in the Oberland — sunk, by contrast, so utterly into the shade, that I will make no mention of it more.

Thus prepared, and meeting by appointment at the station-house, punctually at the hour of four, we kicked from off our shoes the dust of the city; putting which behind us at the rate of a mile a minute, we came to our halting-place early in the evening, on the banks of the Connecticut.

Here preparation was made to sup; and, sharpened by long-fasting

and the keen edge of the evening-air, we did full justice to the well-earned reputation of mine host of the 'Massasoit.' Need I recount here the trencher-feats of the *Fra*? Sancho Panza could have achieved no more.

But the end came, and we rolled out on the pavè to breathe in the cool October air. The main incident of this walk was the purchase, each, of a trusty stick, by way of cane — a sort of shepherd's-crook — wherewith to encourage our weary pilgrimage.

It is but a brief run over the iron race-course to Northampton; but it is delightful, nevertheless, lying along the banks of the Connecticut, which rolls lazily through the meadows on its course to the sea.

Early in the morning following, we had set our faces toward Mt. Holyoke, which, rising abruptly from the opposite margin of the river, seems beckoning to all dusty pilgrims to climb up its summit, and view from thence the transcendent loveliness of the scene. It needed no repetition of the invitation to us. So, giving our donkey into the keeping of a lively *Canuck*, whom we found at the Red-House, hard-by, we commenced the slow ascent by a side-path that at this point winds out of the common road.

The ascent, though steep, is not toilsome. Horses can go three-fourths of the distance. But to an athletic man it is better to take it on foot.

Take it easy, however, and stop at intervals to enjoy the glimpses that break upon you through the openings of the trees. But, O pilgrim! be not inveigled by the man in plaid-coat and conical hat, who lies in wait for you at the fork where the paths diverge. To all human appearance, as he lounges languidly on the top-rail of the fence, just where the view is most alluring, he is a tourist, like yourself, of whom, in the dilemma of two paths opening suddenly before your eyes, you will very naturally ask the way. He will point you to that leading to the wooden stairs, up which you may have your choice to be dragged in a sort of corn-hopper, with your life at the hazard of a hempen rope; or to drag, unaided, your own weary timbers up some three hundred steps, on an inclination of forty-five degrees. Rather seek out the longer but more gradual and easy ascent, by the winding-path which diverges on your right, and will bring you at the top in due time, in fitter mood for enjoyment.

The summit gained, a panorama of surpassing beauty greets you.

It has often been admired and described; but, though many times experienced, it is none the less to be enjoyed. Seen through the shimmering atmosphere of this golden October day, it assumed a new phase. Whoever has toiled up the steep Roningstuhl, that overhangs the town of Heidelberg, must have remarked, in the view from its summit, the strong likeness to this from Holyoke. In all their surroundings they are greatly similar. There is the valley, closely shut up in the north, opening out at our feet into a broad plain, through which glides the Connecticut, as glides the silver Neckar from out the valleys of Odenwald, to where the Rhine receives her in his joyous embrace. Westward, the mountain-peaks of Berkshire rise up like the tops of the Alsatian hills. All around are minor peaks, rocky and

gray, and crested with the ancient forest, in form not unlike the towers which crown the Geissberg and the Reidersthal. To the south, as far as the eye can reach, vast fields stretch out, which need but the sympathy of man, and they would rival the vine-clad valleys of the Rhine. Over all rests the spirit of the Indian summer, like a benediction.

Here, reader, with your leave, having assumed the style of narrative, I will for the future drop all epistolary first persons singular and plural.

Then hastening down from the mountain-top, where they had already loitered too long, our dusty travellers resumed their journey. Slowly they wound their way toward the north, through the meadows of broom-corn, and along the lovely valley, which here seems stretching out its arms on either side to gather unto itself all the ripeness of the harvests.

Meanwhile, as they journeyed on, they beguiled the time with profitable discussion and sage conjectures touching that shadowy era, long ages ago, when the broad plain over which they were passing formed the bed of the adjacent river. How once the stream, as indubitable marks still show, usurped the whole of this broad valley, now the pride and glory of New-England. How, then and there, hostile tribes of Indians, separated as by a moving sea, beckoned defiance to each other from the opposite shores. How, in the silent work of numberless years, atom by atom, this rich alluvium was formed, through which huge aquatic birds stalked, and of whom not their fossils even remain, but *tracks* only. How, from mysterious causes, the waters slowly diminished and dried up, and the river retired to its serpentine bed, that when the children of the Pilgrims came, they might find, ready for their hands, these miles of pinquent meadow, where they need but to sow and reap, and build barns, and cram them to the bursting.

'Who knows,' said the Fra, pursuing the theme still farther, 'to what hecatombs of slaughtered innocents the richness of these lands may not be owing? Who can vouch that the ferruginous nature of the soil, in the isolated patches of reddish earth we are continually passing, may not owe its origin to the rivers of human blood poured out in offerings to the unknown god of that Pagan race that once defiled this garden of Eden? Yes, blood,' quoth the Fra, warming with his subject, 'the infinitesimal proportion of which, in the integral of the vital fluid, hath, in the aggregate of untold murders, formed, for aught I know, the *iron mines* of the earth. Thunder!' continued he, 'the very fancy maddens me, and wakes up the ancient grudge I bear toward that whole inhuman race. If there is any thing out of the infernal pit that I hate, it is your crafty, cold-blooded, ruthless, devilish barbarian, in the civilized tongue, yeclept Indian.'

A long silence followed this out-break of emotion on the part of the usually placid Fra, during which the magic influence of the mild October afternoon gradually wrought its work, and disposed to calm enjoyment.

The spirit of the golden autumn was never more dominant. The air is filled with all pleasant sounds, which the very hush of nature but brings out more plainly. Insect-life seems resurrectionized, and dins

with a drowsy hum upon the ear. The running brook singeth musically. The peculiar husbandry of the country is in itself a charm. There are no fences to mark the boundaries of fields; only the dark outline of the ripening harvest; so that freely each field of voluptuous grain may coquet with its neighbor. The merry corn clashes its broad leaves together with a silvery sound; the ripe grain nods to the vine; the trailing vine whispers in the ear of the sweet-pea blossom; and all are telling of the dreamy Indian summer.

Anon the travellers come suddenly upon the rare old town of Hadley, which seems to be lying asleep, stretched out in the sunny meadow. Square old-fashioned houses are squatting upon their haunches on either side of the wide street, and over them, protectingly, broad-spreading 'pyrotechnic' elms reach out their giant arms, as if pronouncing a blessing. Each home-stead, it may be observed, is proud of its plethoric barn, which it thrusts into conspicuous view. Heaps of round-bellied pumpkins are piled up in the yard. Through the crannies of the well-filled granaries gleams the yellow corn.

No body seems stirring about, if we except a bevy of giggling girls who are swinging upon a gate, holding by the strings their coquettish Swiss bonnets, and ogling the Fra, whose brigand hat and modish lunette they cannot make out to consist. Old Hadley has preserved intact its virtuous rural life, being innocent of those great modern seducers, the rail-road and the station-house.

From Hadley the road takes a serpentine trail among the fields of heavy broom-corn, winding on toward Sunderland. Close on the right rise the classic heights of Amherst, and on the left lies the silver Connecticut, gleaming in the setting sun.

It had been the intention of our travellers to dine moderately, 'in the after-part of the day,' at old Deerfield, tarrying first at the Flodden-field of the Indian massacre at Bloody-brook; but from the incivility of the surly pike-man at the bridge in Sunderland, where they paid toll, they missed their way, losing the main-road, the battle-field, and the moiety of their patience with the declining day. The only incident which befel them, while groping among lanes and cross-roads, was the finding of an old well of delicious water, at which the Fra must needs quench his thirst at such a rate that the pleasant old lady, standing in the door of a farm-house hard by, with up-raised hands, besought him to 'remember that the drought in that section was *exceeding great*.'

Shortly they passed the famous Sugar-loaf, the rival of Holyoke, and its superior in many points of attraction. Abrupt and stern, it lifts its fearful front perpendicularly a thousand feet above the road, which winds around its base. Many are the legends and dark stories in the unwritten history of this famous mountain. The merry old farmer to the southward of the hill, whose home-stead has rested in its sunny nook for half a century, will tell them to you, adding with a zest some personal adventure of his own, which will pay well for the listening.

Toward night, a shout of joy from the Fra, who had strayed ahead, proclaimed the vicinity of good cheer. Close upon the right were the gambrel-roofs of old Deerfield.

Straightway to the tavern the way-worn pilgrims bent their steps, tarrying only to read an inscription, emblazoned in Roman capitals, on the porch of a pretentious dwelling, to the effect that the pillars which supported its roof had once upheld the gallery of the old meeting-house, in the days of the Indian depredations. One long street winds through the town. On either side are quaint houses with projecting gables and over-hanging eaves. This style of architecture was not without its fitness when every house was a fortress, liable at any time to stand siege against the murderous Indians. In themselves, withal, these nondescript structures possess a sort of uncouth beauty which compels admiration. Commend me indeed at all times to a roof of the wide-spreading gambrel mould in a country-house. Nothing so much gives the promise of protection and hearty hospitality within.

Of the dinner at the little tavern at the extreme end of the street, but little can be said.

A cheering incident, however, was the finding, in the capacity of head-butler over the limited larder of the establishment, a lively little chap of a foreigner, who hailed from the German canton Zug, in Switzerland, and who once did duty, as he exultingly said, at the dirty little 'hof' in the Rhigi Culm. His joy knew no bounds when he learned these *loci* of his early life were not entirely unknown to the hungry guests whom he now served, in regard for whom, and in token of good-fellowship, he volunteered some most extraordinary performances by way of dinner amusements, such as representing, by means of glass-tumblers partly filled with water, Alpine echoes; transfixing with a two-pronged fork an imaginary apple in the panel of the opposite door, between the heads of his guests; turning backward somersets over the table at which they were sitting, without so much as disturbing a wrinkle; and sundry other accomplishments known only on the grim shores of the lake of the four cantons.

After dinner, in place of dessert, the frisky Rhigi-man unrolled a gigantic panorama, such as are thrust into the faces of way-worn travellers at every turn in Switzerland. This ended, and a flourish of '*Ranz des Vaches*' thrown in, the landlord of the jolly tavern was summoned, and the travellers took stately leave, first crossing the palm of their Swiss friend with a bright quarter, wherewith to refresh his memory of the desolate *fraulein*, who, without doubt, now mourns the exile of her lover by the dark waters of the Zug.

Although night was approaching fast, the guests could not depart without paying their respects to the old house that was once the scene of the bloody tragedy in the time of the Indian massacre and burning of Deerfield.

And to their sorrow and mortification, they learned that the last memento of this dark deed had vanished before the utilitarian spirit of the day. In the place of the grim old mansion, that alone weathered the siege, and for more than a century has stood with the scars of the battle in its front, with a hale and hearty life yet left in its old timbers, there stood a monstrosity of modern Yankee carpentry, glaring with white paint, and seemingly composed all of windows and clap-boards,

around whose fearfully shaped corners the evening wind shrieked dismally.

In hopes that some trace might yet be found, the Fra pushed his researches within the inclosure.

There was a tall, lanky, muscular man husking in a barn.

When first descried, he was sitting with his back toward the door, intent on his cereal occupation. Even at this point of view, there was no mistaking the unalloyed Yankee sovereign of the soil.

'A pleasant evening, Sir,' said the Fra, in those tones of insinuating affability he knew so well how to use.

'The evening is well enough,' responded the farmer, gruffly, continuing at his labors without looking up.

'Fine growing weather we are having,' said the Fra, continuing the topic he had so unsuccessfully started. 'You farmers surely can't find fault with the harvest this year.'

'Master squat on't for *pig-corn*, though,' rejoined the husker in a surly tone, at the same time wringing off the neck of a refractory ear with a sharp twist, as though it were the consolidated neck of the whole race of sentimental travellers who were wont to rail at what they called his lack of reverence and historic regard, and to disturb his domestic peace.

'Are there not some relics of the old house hereabouts?' pursued the Fra.

'Wall, I suppose there be.'

'Can one gain access to them without much inconvenience to you?'

'You jest wait till I have done husking, and I'll see,' was the gracious reply.

There was no more to be said; and so waiting patiently till the old man had accomplished his imposed quantum of labor, though to what particular point in the apparently unending pile he had arrived, it was difficult to comprehend, he bade us follow him; and leading the way over huge heaps of corn, by the base of gigantic hay-ricks, and through a cow-shed, fragrant with the breath of innumerable kine, he came at last to a rickety out-building, the depository apparently of the miscellaneous debris of a hundred years' rack and ruin of a home-stead.

Here, from underneath a nondescript mass of rubbish, he drew forth the last relics of his ancestral home. The front-door, bearing the hatchet-marks of the Indians, still plainly visible; the inner-door too, with the identical shot-hole made by the bullet that killed Mrs. Shelton, and a few joists from the ancient frame-work, were all that had been spared in the general demolition.

And now, with that curious anomaly of character, seen only in the undoubted stamp of the sturdy New-Englander, the before surly and oblivious old man, courteously and with feeling eloquence discoursed of the scenes and associations of the times long past, and brought up vividly to his mind by the rude relics just exhumed. One could not help feeling a sort of admiration and reverence for the speaker, and envy, withal, an ancestry such as his, beyond that of royal origin, though it date back to King Solomon himself.

With saddened hearts our travellers bade adieu to their now civil and

gentlemanly host, with expression of many thanks, which he received with a true grace. To have added money would have been deemed an insult.

All the way from Deerfield the road winds through rich, cultivated fields and green meadows, crossing the Deerfield River, famous in history, by a wooden-bridge, where toll is taken, and thence, by an easy grade, ascends to the town of Greenfield. The sun was setting as they dragged their tired donkey through its streets, and halted at the porch of a pretentious modern hotel.

The town of Greenfield furnished nothing to detain our travellers long on the following morning; so quitting which at an early hour, they turned their faces southward, and descended the river by the opposite bank to that along which they had come.

At Bloody-brook, of which there exists nothing now but the name, they stopped to do reverence to the memory of those eighty-six brave young men, 'the flower of Essex,' who here fell in battle with the Indians.

Just beyond, they climbed the steep 'Sugar-loaf,' and looked off its dizzy heights a thousand feet into the stream below.

Tradition hath it that a body of Indians were once driven to the verge of this precipice by a superior force, and deliberately made the fearful plunge, in preference to captivity among the white men.

How peacefully rests the little hamlet to the southward, on the mountain's base — a very valley of Rasselas, in its rich and quiet beauty.

Will not the Fra bear record how rich and racy, if not the wines, the sparkling *new cider* of that happy valley? — and of the rare hospitality of the bacchanalian old farmer, to whose heart the thirst insatiate of the Fra even brought no dismay, but delight rather?

Below this point the scenery differs not much from that on the opposite bank, with the exception of the mountain range, which shuts in the valley and contracts it toward the east; only the fields are broader, the meadows greener by a shade, and the forests increase.

What with dinner, and pipes and pea-nuts for the Fra, and a glorious brilliancy of the western sky, giving promise of a prolongation of the fine weather, a trip to *Brattleboro* was soon decided on.

Two hours by rail accomplished this.

Brattleboro! How calmly it rests on the western bank of the Connecticut, beneath the shadow of the oak-crested 'Chesterfield,' and all embowered among lesser hills and hidden by many-hued forests!

What more can be said of it that has not already been said and sung by the soft-bosomed maidens, who every year languish through the long summer days in its cool shades, and dream of love, and write ditties to the melancholy moon, and otherwise make themselves miserable, beyond hope of resuscitation?

But the fame of this summer retreat, nevertheless, is well founded. In no snug New-England village is there more of natural loveliness. Whatever of beauty there is in hill and forest, and meadow and river, is here; and nowhere doth autumn so robe herself with gorgeous drapery.

But alas! how little does it require to mar completely one's enjoyment of a scene like this. Unfortunately at this time a monster *horse-show* was imminent over the peaceful village; and the spirit of this abomination pervaded all men and all things. It controlled business: it preoccupied pleasure: it shaped men's thoughts and colored their imaginations.

It was uttered unconsciously in words, in the house and in the street: it was continually upon the tongue, in all incongruous shapes and forms.

If you chanced to inquire of a passer-by the way to the hotel, (you being utterly a stranger to the place,) he told you to take the first *horse-path* to your left, and proceed at a two-forty gait up the hill, and you would speedily find the object of your search. Ask your landlord the hour of dinner, and he replied automatically that a joint, of genuine *Morgan* origin, would be served up at one o'clock precisely. If you ventured a remark to a sentimental young man at your hotel, touching the gorgeous beauty of the forests, he assented abstractedly, 'Aw, indeed, a fine *bay color*, really.' Even the young ladies of your acquaintance at the 'Water-cure,' after the first salutations were over, inquired eagerly after your *pedigree*, then eyed you from head to foot, as if to satisfy them of your soundness in mind and limb, till you began to question whether they were not the fitter subjects of a certain other of the peculiar institutions of that charming watering-place.

There was a rollicking, stuttering barber in the town, to whom, shortly after his arrival, the Fra presented himself for tonsorial treatment, and who, in his lively description of the approaching jubilee, was so exercised in the burden of his intermittent utterance as to narrowly miss severing the jugular of his customer a dozen times ere he had scraped his chin.

'What is the most desirable drive in which to find out the beauties of Brattleboro?' asked the Fra, at one of the brief intervals of calm in this maelstrom of inarticulate eloquence.

'Y-y-you t-t-t-take the f-f-f-four mile heat, and y-y-you'll find it r-r-r-roar-r-o-mantic, and no mistake!' yelled the barber with such climax of enthusiasm that, happening at that moment to have the Fra by the nose, he fairly pulled him out of his chair, and spinning him round like a tee-totum twice or thrice, laid him at full length upon the floor. In this state he was found by his companion a short time after, covered with blood, weltering in his own lather, and so convulsed and grinning with irrepressible laughter as to look, for all the world, more like a galvanized dead subject than a living human.

'Come,' said the Fra, as soon as he could recover strength to resume his perpendicular, 'I believe a curious and most uncommon madness pertains to this region — a worse than hydrophobia; a baleful *equine mania*, which we would do well to flee, ere we ourselves become a victim.

It needed no second admonition to one who looked on the third degree of collapse in epidemic malignant cholera as a mild affection in comparison with this reigning horse-fever, and the twain bent their steps incontinently to the station-house, where, precipitating themselves into

the already moving train, they cast one last look toward the retreating spires of Brattleboro, and a moment after were whirled at lightning speed out of its sight.

So ended this brief yet eventful tour; and with it ended the reign of the matchless Indian summer: for no sooner had our travellers thrown aside their pilgrim-staves and set their faces homeward, than the clouds, which had all the morning been gathering and blackening among the tops of the mountains, swept down upon the fair valleys like the rush of armies, trailing after them in countless multitudes the blood-red leaves of the forest — the last trophies of the vanquished autumn.

Boston, Nov., 1854.

K N O W N A N D U N K N O W N P O E T R Y .

BY CHARLES M. DENNIE.

Now and then some soul uprises,
 Rich with a star-travelled story,
 Like a comet, and surprises
 Earth with a far-blazing glory.
 Dumb in souls that *seem* to slumber,
 There are longings, dreamings grand;
 Pearl-riched shells lie without number
 Hidden underneath the sand.

Like a water-spout from ocean
 Into upper sun-shine leaping,
 Which awakes to wild emotion
 Waters that before were sleeping;
 Up from the great crowd of being
 Springs some daring, gifted soul,
 To-and-fro the masses swaying
 With a masterly control.

With a wondrous sweetness gushing,
 Forth some heart comes out among us,
 All the lesser songlets hushing
 Lowlier minstrels sing, have sung us:
 But when high the grand strain swelleth,
 Heavens! how it doth bemock
 Those mute hearts where music dwelleth,
 Like a spring within a rock!

Like the fire in opal burning,
 For a world-wide freedom throbbing,
 Chained, manacled, and yearning,
 In my heart a song is sobbing.
 Other songs come near and mock it,
 Mock the song of closed door;
 Oh! had I the power to unlock it,
 Like Niagara it would pour!

SEA-SHORE COLLOQUY: TIME, A WINTER-NIGHT.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER

POET.

NORTH-WIND! of what complainest thou?
Whence comest, with that strange, weird moan?
Perchance thy wings have fanned the brow
Of manhood frozen into stone.
Thy wailing grieves the poet's heart:
Make known thy mission, and depart.

NORTH-WIND.

I come from the deep, and I left asleep
The dead on an ice-bound shore.
They clung to the deck of the luckless wreck,
Till she struck — and all was o'er.

POET.

Thy shriek uproused the wintry wave,
And drove their vessel on the reef!
Back to thy gloomy polar cave,
Wild, moaning counterfeit of grief!
Hadst thou been quiet, cruel gale,
In port they would have furled the sail.

NORTH-WIND.

When the KING of Kings unchains my wings,
And clouds the sky deform,
I must leave my lair, though the brave and fair
Are lost in the howling storm.

POET.

Woe to the maid who fondly dreams
Of her lover safe, and homeward-bound!
Woe to the wife who little deems
That her faithful mariner is drowned!
Deaf, like his mess-mates, to the dirge
Growled by the hoarse and rocking surge.

NORTH-WIND.

To the lover woe! who soon will know
That his bride that vessel bore
Over the foam: but the sill of home
Her feet will cross no more.

P O E T.

A vision bursts upon my sight,
 Now fades, and all is drear and dark!
 Stay, fearful wanderer of the night!
 Did woman perish with that bark!
 The long-expected, the adored,
 The beautiful — was she on board?

N O R T H - W I N D.

The spray-drops glare in her stiffened hair,
 And frost-sealed are her eyes!
 Thou'lt wait in vain for her coming again;
 In an icy shroud she lies.

Brooklyn, Feb. 24, 1855.

A N E W S P A P E R I N 1 7 6 1.

New-York, March, 1855.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, I have lately become possessed of three copies of one of the earliest, if not the very first newspaper published in this city, *The New-York Gazette*, printed by W. Weyman in Broad-street. The dates of these three are: November second, and December fourteenth, and twenty-first, 1761; and from the comparison of them, it appears to have been a weekly newspaper, issued every Monday morning. They are much torn, as might readily be supposed from their great age, and only one has the number of the issue. Allowing the supposition that it was a weekly paper to be correct, it was established in January, 1759, exactly ninety-six years ago. In size it is ludicrously small, being scarcely twenty inches square, and as for editorials, it does not profess to have any. The difference between the journalism of that day and the present is still more marked when we examine its columns for news. It is headed as containing, '*The freshest advices, both foreign and domestic.*' Two numbers, however, have no news from Europe at all, although at that time, when the mother-country was engaged in the 'seven-years' war,' it must have been anxiously looked for. In the third number, of December twenty-first, they had received advices up to the *seventeenth of October*, and the news appears to have been carefully copied, but *without a word* of comment. Some of these news-items are quite interesting, and in particular I would notice an extract from a letter, dated in London, October sixth, 1761, on the coronation of George III., which took place a month before:

'The coronation was a splendid show indeed! I was in Westminster Hall in the evening, and surely nothing could exceed it. The quantity of jewels and fine clothes was immense, which made a brilliant appearance, as the Hall was lighted up with near four thousand wax-candles. The King behaved like an angel. At his coronation, he seemed to feel the importance of the oath he was taking, and conducted

himself throughout in such a way as must secure him the esteem, veneration, and affection of all who saw him.'

This, we must remember, was the King who lost to Great Britain her colonies in America. There is a little sentence in another letter from Perth-Amboy, relative to a change among the Justices of the Supreme Court, which seems to contain a grain of that spirit which King George found so stubbornly in his way: 'When revolution principles prevail, the signs of the times are good.'

This little sheet is a very fair exponent of the state of the city, or rather of the town; for New-York was scarcely more in those days. In place of the long columns of shipping intelligence and advertisements which appear in the blanket-sheets of the present day, we find a notice of a single ship up for London, advertised 'to sail in three weeks at the furthest, as most of her cargo is aboard. N. B. The above is a new ship, of two hundred and sixty tons burthen, and hath exceeding good accommodations for passengers.' The custom-house entries were published regularly every week. In the first week, a brig, two schooners, and three sloops comprise the inward entries. There were no outward-bound vessels; and in the second, the inward entries are one schooner and three sloops, and the outward, two ships, a brig, two schooners, and six sloops. A busy week!

Their column for amusements is as blank as the commercial one. A company of comedians advertise that 'by permission of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, they will present a tragedy, written by the Rev. Mr. Hume, minister of the Church of Scotland. Doors to be open at four p.m., the play to commence at six precisely.' Our venerated ancestors kept much earlier hours than their busy descendants.

It was war-time, and most of the news in the paper, after the arrival of *that* ship from England, relates to the battles in Europe and on the high seas — battles which they took with vastly more composure than we do the present ones. They give accounts of bloody fights in the most concise terms; indeed they read more like bulletins than the lengthy and minute accounts of the modern press. Privateering in those days appears to have been highly honorable; for we read, 'That the French have taken the privateer, *Tristram Shandy*, owned by two merchants and *two clergymen* of this town!' Ah, the reverend gentlemen were pretty severely punished for their speculation, which in the present century would be viewed with considerable astonishment.

The number of November second, which is by far the most perfect one I have, is fairly crammed with congratulations from the various public bodies of the town to the new Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief, His Excellency Robert Monckton; and while these are laughably prolix, his Excellency's replies are very models of brevity and perspicuity. All the different churches on the island, the Established Church, the Presbyterian, and the Dutch and French Reformed have handed in their addresses — the Church of England demanding, and the others petitioning for protection from his Excellency, and he freely promises it to all.

The 'humble address' of the city fathers is a model which their very honorable and very independent successors would do well to examine. It is worth extracting from:

'We do, with the greatest gratitude and thankfulness, acknowledge his gracious Majesty's paternal care and affection in appointing over us a gentleman every way qualified and acquainted with the civil and religious constitution of the people, *a favor not often conferred on us,*' etc.

But the address of the Grand Jury excels all in its exceeding great humility. They remark, after having exhausted the usual vocabulary of adulation: 'We cannot forbear mentioning, as a presage of our future happiness under your Excellency's government, beside your personal merit and splendid descent, that generosity of spirit and affluence of fortune which render a person infinitely superior to those contracted and self-interested views that, as from their native soil, are ever the product of an avaricious heart and penurious circumstances.'

Although these fulsome congratulations take up fully one-half of the little newspaper, it is plainly evident that the *Gazette* was published mainly for its advertisements. Indeed they notice that many of these had been crowded out by the addresses; 'however, they would appear the next week.' The printers (there were no *editors* in those days) do not seem to have dreamed of increasing the size of their sheet; the idea of an extra or supplement would have been simply absurd.

One peculiar thing about these advertisements is their great length; in fact, the parties seem to have made an inventory of their stock in trade. One worthy man, after enumerating one hundred and seventy-two articles, adds that 'he has on hand many other things too tedious to mention!' There are advertisements of all kinds: of merchandise, of negroes to be sold, and *one* and only *one* of a wonderful balsam. This last is a very singular composition, the like of which it would be impossible to find at the present day, it is so exceedingly modest. It declares, 'That the author is known, and the afflicted may take it without fear; for howsoever limited his power of doing good may be, he would not for any consideration be the possible cause of harm to any.' How naïvely this is told! Would that our modern quacks were as sincere as this worthy man appears to have been! And then his modesty; he closes his advertisement with the assurance that 'the author can recommend it by long experience; and if it might not appear vain and interested, could add great proofs of its virtue.'

Another thing in these advertisements that will interest a New-Yorker is, that none of their stores have any numbers. They are near such and such a place. One is at the sign of the Coffee-pot, near the Earl of Sterling's dwelling; another opposite the Fly-market; a third has his shop just below Mr. Lawrence Reade's in Wall-street; and a fourth in Cortlandt-street, opposite the residence of the late Alderman Cortlandt.

What a change! It is laughable to place side by side the advertisement of a man in 1761, who was 'opposite the Oswego Market, in the Broad-Way,' and another in 1855, referring to number one thousand and something or other in the same street. But I perceive that the prolixity of our worthy ancestors has betrayed me into the same sin. I have noted down several other strange things in this ancient newspaper, but space forbids that I should notice them here, even if it were only from fear of emulating the laborious advertiser who had so 'many other articles too tedious to mention.'

HENRY B. AUCHINCLOSS.

T I M O U R T H E T A R T A R .

BY THE LATE WILLIAM NORTH.

GAZE I on DEATH's cold steed?
Art thou of earthly breed,
Thou spotless phantom white,
Across the desert gliding?
What dark-browed king is he,
What awful shape I see,
Like SATAN's grizzly son,
Thee — spectral charger! riding?

Ho! nations of the East!
King DEATH is come to feast;
His eyes flash lurid flame,
The flame of burning cities;
I hear the clash of blades,
The shriek of ravished maids,
The thunder-laugh of war,
That neither spares nor pities.

Prepare! prepare for strife,
Let the last wreck of life
Be sold with Jewish greed,
In fierce and bloody barter!
'Tis TIMOUR's host that comes!
Roar, trumpets — thunder, drums!
'Tis TIMOUR, scourge of God,
Empire-devouring Tartar!

As o'er the aching sky,
The tempest's squadrons fly,
Huge cloudy monster-shapes,
Black lightning-girded legions,
To burst in fatal storm;
So TIMOUR's armies form
Vast clouds of death, to swoop
On Asia's fairest regions.

Sweet maiden at thy loom,
Stout rustic, hear thy doom;
Luxurious Sultan, check
Voluptuous diversion:
He comes, your king and lord,
Before whose sweeping sword
The scattered Turkmen fly,
Bends low the haughty Persian.

Like wild beast in a cage,
Devour thy heart with rage,
Proud Bajazel — no more
Of glory's stars the climber.
On that pale steed of Death,
Like Sansar's icy breath,
With blood-red laurel crown
He comes, grim savage TIMOUR!

W E E H A W K E N M A N O R .

A 'KNICKERBOCKER' SKETCH.

I HAD the misfortune of being caught by the last storm, in the vicinity of the precipitous and snowy bluffs of Weehawken. It had been threatening to snow for the last two hours, and at length all those little unseen mouths in the clouds opened at once, and then didn't it come down! The fences, the frozen brooks, the hollows, and the venerable crags were white, nothing but white. The over-hanging rocks, assuming all kinds of fantastic forms in the deepening twilight, had flowing beards of snow, like old men. Down, faster and faster danced the flakes, madder than elfins escaped from Wonder-land; and already the sleigh-marks on the old snow were hidden.

The great leafless trees stretched forth their long whitened fingers at me, as the hags on the dismal heath did at the Thane of Cawdor; and the chilled wind had a most lachrymose intonation, as it every now and then gathered up hand-fuls of feathery snow, and threw them in my face. It was growing bitter cold. Dissolving views of the cheerful parlor at home flitted through my brain with tantalizing exactness. 'What,' said I, 'if this be death? Do not the Genii and Afreet's in the Desert make pictures in the eyes of the foolish Arabs that lag behind the caravan, and then strangle them? What if this western wind,' I soliloquized, 'should come that Eastern game over me! And is not this wild place just the one for such a devilish machination?' I grieve to record the fact that I gave the poor horse an unmerciful cut with the whip, in default of a more humane illustration of my existence. Suppose I should freeze? My blood curdled, as if I had been listening to the horrid tale of Hamlet's governor; but my hair did n't 'stand end' in consequence of my fur-cap. I could actually see the next morning's *Herald* giving a detailed account of 'the dreadful death of a most estimable young man,' etc.; for of course that enterprising journal would have 'a reporter on the ground.' Then I fancied a few skeleton obituaries, and perhaps some indifferent verse. *That's* being dead. I thought of all my sins; it has struck me as curious since, how expeditiously I must have done it. I was getting suggestively cold. I felt as if I could be broken up with a small hammer, and bleed no more than a Marmorean statue undergoing the same process. Had I been aqueous, I must have been an icicle.

Think what joy it was to see a light trembling in the distance! — a little excuse of a light glimmering like a single eye through the gloom and snow-flakes. It proceeded from one of those many-gabled old structures peculiar to the Knickerbockers of the early times. You have seen such with their protruding eaves, slanting Dutch-tiled roofs, and comical iron numbers, (dates, I believe,) stuck on the western gable. What narrow, coffin-like windows, deep-set, like sunken eyes! and

huge, wide-mouthed chimneys, that always seem gaping. The mansion of which I am writing must have been built three-quarters of a century ago, probably more; for its architectural quaintness hinted at periods before the Revolution. It was sitting at the base of a noble mountain,

‘Like MARY, sitting at her SAVIOUR’S feet!’

An immense watch-dog made me draw back the leg I had put out of the sleigh, rather precipitately. It was frost-bitten; I did n’t care about having it dog-bitten; and I was not the least sorry when the nail-studded door of the old house opened, and the gap was filled with the obese person of an ancient, I may say primeval Quaker, who looked the personification of I-take-the-world-easy-tiveness. To his inquiring and friendly salutation, I replied with a great deal of sincerity, ‘Poor Tom’s a-cold!’ This was an immediate passport to his heart and hearth. Oh! that the world was full of Willard Van Dusens!

Did I ever appreciate a fire before?

Have I words to paint the supper? I plead delinquent. Such pies! so deep and cart-wheel like; with slices of apple piled with the regularity of bricks, and redolent of all kinds of *herbs* and cinnamon! Such bread! so white and spongy; so unlike that chalky substance of the city, which murders us at the low price of six-and-a-quarter cents per homœopathic dose. Such — such — oh! well, I have n’t words. Then the floor — not a bit of carpet — as smooth and clean as if it had been the ‘special care’ of some life to keep it so. How refreshing and un-metropolitan was every thing! The wing of the last Christmas turkey hanging in the generous fire-place; the simple mantel-ornaments; and the chubby little clock, which kept up an unpleasant wheeze, as though it was going to have the croup! It had an arrangement over the top to elucidate (and did n’t) something about the moon and tides, which I failed to quite understand, and Mrs. Van Dusen, (Mr. Van Dusen’s mother,) in attempting to explain, entirely distracted what little insight I previously had of the affair. Her demonstration of the clock problem reminded me of those commentators on Shakespeare who darken the text in their attempts to hold it up to the light. This venerable dame, Miss Van Dusen, and ‘dear Willard,’ as she called him, constituted the whole family.

Old Mrs. Van Dusen sat rocking by the chimney-side like an antiquated Cinderella. She looked as if she was a ‘fixture,’ as if she had rocked in that stiff-backed chair for a century, and was good for two more at least.

Miss Van Dusen was about eighteen. ‘Would it not have been better not to have named the delicate creature Sacharissa?’ spake I inwardly. It was so like Chloe and the old English poets. This beautiful bud among the snows of Weehawken, with the barbarous name, owned a pair of bewitchingly blue eyes, and had luxuriant dark hair, which was arranged with no little show of female coquetry. But what woman is not fond and vain of beautiful hair? The little beauty was fascinating. She had a gentle, confiding way, and I may say of her as the heart-poet said of *Évangeline*:

‘When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music!’

Old Van Dusen — what will he say to that? — was an odd amalgamation of piety and anecdote; and one could see the cream of the joke in his eyes before it had settled down on his tongue. He gave an amusing description of his son Joshua, who, he said, was a respectable fellow enough until he became a clerk in Gotham. He said his heir came up to the home-stead last summer, for a few days, and startled them all with his fierce moustache, looking as belligerent as the pictures of the Czar in yellow jacket and blue hair—he, Joshua, the most tame of men! Oliver W. Holmes was never half so bright. Then his remarks and criticisms on 'Joshua's *deformed* coats' and tight pants, of heart-rending colors and Moscow patterns, were too much. My sides were sore with laughing, sore as if I had been beaten; and indeed I had, for every word of my witty host was 'a hit—a palpable hit.' And what a liquid, silvery voice Sacharissa had! Was canary-bird ever so sweet? How she could talk with her eyes, the wench, and look a man's heart away!

It was only when the lazy finger of the afflicted time-piece, before-mentioned, pointed insinuatingly at XI., that I thought of asking the geographical bearings of my room. What sense won't a man surrender beneath the fire of a pair of wicked, innocent eyes? I make this reflection because I shook hands twice with Miss Van Dusen, when there was not the ghost of an excuse for my doing so at all. I felt foolish after doing it; I knew my blushes must have scorched the suburbs of my hair, for I felt them streaming up my cheeks like Northern lights. I was relieved when the old man took up the candle and led the way to my place of rest. Oh! thought I, if it was only Sacharissa, and the distance was ten miles! I could not help thinking, as my good-souled host piloted me through the long entry, that he looked as grouchy and chubby as the clock; perhaps because he had been with it so much! It struck me then, as he waddled up-stairs, how much he resembled Christy as the dancing Shaker. The ludicrous idea was irresistible, and twice I was near putting a summary end to my respiration in attempting to smother a sacrilegious 'Fi-yi-yi!'

I was shown into the best room. It seemed about a hundred years older than the others. It looked as though it had been built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and then 'transported' for some political association, to America. One side of the room was hung with heavy drapery; but the other parts were, of oak-paneling. It was something novel for me to sleep in such an apartment. And that bed, with its sombre hangings, looked like a great hearse. I knew at a glance I should never be able to sleep in that. It's an idiosyncrasy of mine to dislike strange beds—a peculiarity I wish was more general. Could I shut my eyes beneath the gaze of those grotesque faces on the cornices, which never shut theirs? I felt that I could not; so I drew a large arm-chair close to the fire-place, which was thick-set with tiles, on which Mrs. Doddridge teaching young Doddridge to spell, predominated. I gazed into the live embers of the log-fire,

'Which from my brooding eyes took strangest shapes:'

then a slumberous pleasing stole over me like that of the Lotus-eaters:

a consciousness of being unconscious ; a state of mind when nothing astonishes one. It did n't startle me in the least when I imagined that one of the quaint phizzes on the mouldings winked at me with its cob-webbed eye. On the contrary, I think I returned the wink with the greatest familiarity. Soon I fell into one of those sweet compromises with slumber — a doze. My eye-lids had leaden weights on them ; then they grew easier and seemed to open, and every one of the antique chairs was filled with a peruked and powdered 'ancient.' I too was 'one of 'em.' My shirt-bosom stuck out like a fin. My hand-ruffles were unimpeachable and spotless ; my shoe-buckles immeasurable ; my self-satisfaction unlimited. There were the wit and dignity of the olden time ; ladies that figure in the Republican Court of our friend Griswold.

I was talking to a high-bosomed dame : it was Sacharissa. I was dancing with some body : it was Sacharissa. The dance was a stately minuet, and we were executing it with the monotonous slowness of a Methodist-hymn. In one of the deep-set windows I was urging some one to elope with me : it was the adorable Sacharissa. She had consented. I was about to salute the tips of her delicious fingers when I opened my eyes. A myriad of sun-beams had come to a focus on the tip of my nose. The fire at my feet had expired ; the music, the guest of 'Seventy-Six had gone, and nothing remained but the old room and its 'very ancient and fish-like smell.' How quickly the scene had passed :

'And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff
As dreams are made of.'

I could not help repeating those beautiful lines as I gave the unrumpled bed a series of desperate tugs, to insinuate that it had been tumbled legitimately, and then I joined the family at breakfast. I scarcely dared look Sacharissa in the eyes. Had I not seen her in a low-neck dress the night before ? Had I not pressed her hand and attempted her lips ? Ah ! me ! and she looked so innocent !

I was in my sleigh. They had asked me to come again ; *she* had asked me ; and speaking of the storm which had made me their guest, said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity !' The imp ! — why did she say that and look so eatable !

A few hours brought me home. I called the hostler Sacharissa, and ordered him to rub Sacharissa down. The news-boy was Sacharissa. Every thing and every body was Sacharissa. Ah ! I am afraid I left that anatomical part of me which is called the heart in the shadow of those blue eyes, and my fate will be a warning in coming ages to all lovers, if I do not pass more nights at Weehawken Manor.

WALTER WAYERLEY.

T H E W O O D S .

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

Who with a trusting heart doth walk as Nature leads,
 Shall see the secret of her lore on every hand revealed;
 Her wildest method hath no startling mystery now;
 Each change succeeding, new and other friends disclose.
 The wintry sleet and winds but feign the powers of death and chill;
 For the future yet enfoldeth gardens bright with vernal bloom.
 The rage of storm and ocean-blast doth sweet caresses hide,
 Foreboding still another rest, another deeper calm.
 No sorrow falls, though Spring forgets to put her garb of promise on;
 No blackening doubt corrodeth prayer when summer is not glad;
 Nor sick despair enfeebles faith if autumn's stores are few.
 Completion weaves her golden thread through signs of grief and woe;
 Clouds are but mist when thickest gathering o'er our eyes,
 And still the stars above us gleam, to all their glory true.
 Would'st know, O friend! wherefore so oft I seek the depths of forests dim,
 In hours of peace, in times of joy, and ever when my soul is sad?
 Why with a longing comfort full I greet the elm, and birch, and pine,
 And claim the daily gifts of hope from oak, and fir, and linden-tree?
 The maple, ash, and chestnut high, why cease they ne'er my heart to stay?
 Or pensive locust, or the willow mild, how may I their friendship know?
 Wherefore the beech with blessing rare saluteth me, his wayward child?
 Or, witching as thy promised maid, the graceful cedar bows her love.
 No lowly alder-pied or guléd laurel sees me coldly pass them by;
 The dog-wood and the wild-grape, nor yet the humble thorn is dumb.
 Each tree is tuneful, hath a blessed lay, and thus the sylvan chorus swells:

'We are children who in other guise were sent to dwell on earth with thee,
 And pass the shapes of life and death to God, who doth all fate include.
 We seek no sorrow, but awake with light, and stream, and thoughtless bird to joy
 In what betides therein we dwell and trust our given nature full.
 With spring, through love, we haste, and all our bloom display:
 The maple red, the feathered elm, the freshly glistening pine,
 The bronzed oak, the browning birch, and generous chestnut, gaily plumed;
 White-blooming locust and lindens sweet intoxicate each gale;
 And with her bridal coronet the dog-wood lures the amorous vine.
 Ivy beams throughout the sun-light; we braid no distant care therein;
 The robin's nuptial song awakes no hidden dream of fear.
 Love and to-day suffice the coming of our wondrous sheen:
 Each leaflet as a votive prayer, each bud a high exultant hymn.

'The past prepares — wise future mouldeth well as summer hath her sway;
 Spring's flowers yield to bursting leaves, and the fair attains the high.
 Thus wail we not dead hours passed, but don broad robes of grandeur full.
 Oh! ask not why this majesty, e'en let thy heart therein be glad,
 And well mayest thou within our bosky depths now linger slow,
 Where seas of emerald shade shall lave thy fevered soul,
 And Peace embrace thy stricken heart, as with a mother's loving arms.
 Here dwell the tender winds, who woo the frolic, laughing leaves
 To minstrel forth one happy lay of long and dear content.
 The linnet from the sycamore sings but of hope fulfilled;
 Wild roses light the hemlock's gloom, and smile his frown away;
 Fair Dryads of the fore-time eld still haunt the rugged oak,
 For more than mortal comeliness his silent truth attests.

The streamlet's merry glee no bitter pang of envy brings,
 And fitting shadows, while they go, ne'er wane to pale unrest.
 We are one with all those dearest thoughts each holy heart contains,
 Assured amid the saddest doom that beauty hides away.
 Though night enshrouds dear day, and worshipped stars must pale with dawn,
 We wait the work of pregnant time, in calm, serene repose.

'An endless change proves endless care, and Time doth not fold his silent wings.
 New hours lead fresh wonders on, for yesterday hath wrought her lot,
 And now the trophied conqueror, imperial Autumn, comes.
 Spring's gentle voice no tidings told of gorgeousness like this;
 Or knew the blissful summer-time what unseen splendor filled her-train.
 Announced but by his victory this king proclaims his throne,
 And binds the earth, a captive glad, with jewelled chains of rarest hue.
 Huge oaks he decks with ruby, wrung from morning's reddest glow;
 In gold resplendent as high noon the beech astonished stands;
 A quivering robe of rainbow tint adorns the chestnut high;
 And purple gleam of moon-lit cloud is o'er the lonely hemlock thrown.
 With argent from old ocean borne, the maple flasheth brave;
 All sun-set's burnished hues enwrap the stately sycamore.
 The melting veil of dying morn upon the elm is staid,
 And glad with star-bright garniture the hazel seeks thine eye.

Enchantment, fairer than thy dreams of youth, o'ertakes each bough and spray,
 And lapped in amber autumn air, we tempt thy soul as heaven nigh.
 Wherefore, this glory came, and whither hath its mystic goal?
 Believe: it were not meet to question high fulfilment thus.
 The days of earth must onward ever, through Being's ebb and flow.
 Wherefore we are, and whither wend, our reason hath no call to seek:
 To us doth faith dispense a beauty charmed, and love, and joy,
 Who halleth all beseeching good, unstung by lawless wisdom's fang;
 Immortal guides to strength and peace, they know no weakness or dismay,
 But usher our appointed in with welcome now and welcome ever more.

'Mysterious change, through endless form, avails her guise in life or death;
 Twin foes unite, who chase one round, to meet at last one parent eye.
 The vanished flowers of earlier suns were but the seed for goodlier fruit,
 Awaiting harvests yet unripe, yet by OMNISCIENCE meety sown.
 Bright yesterday hath wrought her lot, her cadence still exalts thine ear,
 While sorrow's cup rests on thy lip, for winter speaks and death obeys;
 Wild winds, and snow, and crushing blasts, he looseth on our ranks.
 Affrighted e'en the sun grows pale, with beam no longer true;
 Black storm, and ice, and riving shock, they rend sweet life away.
 Ensanguined are our snowy feet, as fast the gory garlands fall;
 No more the roses smile, or doth sweet whip-poor-will complain;
 The winsome streamlet too is dumb, and desolation reigns alone.

With trunk and bough all grey and bare, our moan appals thy weeping heart,
 A requiem of death supreme, a dirge of ever-closing tomb.
 Yet vain are tears bewailing us, but for thyself, oh! bid them swifter flow;
 For grief shall wash the craven spirit's ghastly night away,
 Where fear bestrides all comeliness, and strength is but a dire mis-shape.
 For ever speaks each change, with fuller word, that beauty shall not die,
 And 'midst fell tempest roar of death, behold the pine is dauntless still!
 No sense hath compass of that weal, fore-closing Being's royal way;
 Through shape Protean, 'mid varied theme across a tideless sea of days,
 Resigned we wait the vernal hour whence spring shall break again, if meet,
 And when her sweet embrace shall fail, a nobler seed sleeps in our fruit,
 To ripen for a garnering, whereof completion holds good ward.
 To peace our voice beseecheth, and thou art dearer far than we:
 There speaks thy fate clear angel-tones, and Peace bids thee, O child, be still.'

East-Creek, (N. J.)

T W O W I S E M E N O F G O T H A M .

WITH THEIR REMARKABLE SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

— 'I do love
 To note and to observe: though I live out,
 Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
 The currents and the passages of things,
 For mine own private use.'

WHAT was the nature of the train of thought in which I was indulging last Sunday morning, I really cannot pretend to say, but my pen had been dawdling along by itself over the sheet of paper spread before me; probably it was a letter — possibly a love-letter — possibly not. The date was fairly written out; 'Dear,' and a portion of a flourishing capital, plain enough before my eyes whenever they chanced to turn in that direction; but so far as I am conscious of having done any thing at all, I was intently gazing into our own and the neighboring backyards, where a miniature deluge, worthy of a pigmy Pyrrha and Deucalion, was being visibly enacted. An antediluvian Shanghai, having curtailed himself of nearly one-half of that portion of his person above high-water mark, was gazing with the remainder in stupefied despair over the waste of waters about him. My pretty little bantam-rooster, his stockings all down at the heel, and his toilet in sad confusion, rolled himself all up in his tumbled white feathers, till there was neither form nor comeliness to him, and crowded close up to his shivering Biddy for comfort. Even glorious old chanticleer had forgotten to sound his clarion that morning. Poor fellow! — there he stood on one leg for a full half-hour, never once thinking of his fine flowing tail-feathers dragging in the muddy waters, nor of his golden-red plumage that used to glance so in the sun, now all ruffled, and be-draggled, and torn; nor yet could he muster up spirit to toss aloft his drooping, blood-red crest; but he drew in his humbled head as far as he could get it, into the bristling row of neck-feathers, and ruefully nestled up to his old enemy the Shanghai, and the coquettish little bantam-hen aforesaid. But Shanghai had been in terribly bad humor the whole morning; for his gouty toe was not materially benefited by the hydropathic treatment, and he had been swearing audibly in excellent Chinese at the villainous customs of the outside barbarian land; and now he drew up the afflicted member with extraordinary care, and lifting it high above the raging flood, strutted off with a degree of pomp and importance extremely at variance with his actual condition and appearance. But the soggy bricks and spongy sod could afford but little consolation in his comfortless plight, and little to soothe his injured pride; so after marching with stately tread, like an opera-hero under difficulties, up and down his narrow domain, he was fain to creep back, dispirited and woe-begone, to the sorry group he had left, and ill could his craven

spirit brook the mild, reproachful glance of his ancient noble foe, and mean and abject was his port, and crest-fallen truly his visage, as he stole, shivering and dejected, into the disconsolate group, and edged up to the insulted rooster. A boy's new sled hung like a brightly-blazoned scutcheon over the opposite basement-door, and a pair of rusty skates dangled forlorn by their straps from the hinder-most spoke. 'Delectable weather for the holidays, truly! Jupiter Pluvius! St. Swithin! Naiads! Water-gods and goddesses all!—have mercy!—pity our low estate!——'

Goodness gracious! what a slap that was! 'Frank Fantome!—is it possible!—are these your manners?—to enter thus a gentleman's room and peep over his shoulder while he writes? Really I——'

'Pooh, pooh! rub away, and when you begin to talk reasonably, I can listen; meantime don't disturb yourself about your secret correspondence; no very alarming revelations have yet been made, nor are likely to be, while you stare in that stupid way out of the window. Hem—blank! You'd save me a precious deal of trouble were all your letters after the same model, and many another unfortunate I know would be the gainer. But, Sam, poor Mrs. Pincher down-stairs is in a sad way about you. 'Oh! he is so changed, Mr. Fantome; so wild-like; he never eats any thing, poor young gentleman! and doesn't seem to take any notice of any thing; and stares so when people speak to him, and makes such strange replies; and he's taken to gin, Sir, in the most frightful way, and wears his shirt-collar turned down, and half the time no cravat; and then—oh! Mr. Fantome, it's awful!—such shocking things he says in his sleep!' Here—your ear, Sam; they say you've sold yourself to——'

'Whist!—yes!'

'The——'

'St!—softly!'

'OLD KNICK!'

'True!—it is, Frank!'

'Whe-e-e-ew! The dev——!'

'Hush!—it's his knock!—he's here!—the very same! Up—up on your chair, Frank!—it isn't the table this time. Now, presto! Nicodemus!—change!—appear!'

Slowly, silently swung open the door, and with a slouch and a grin, the imp stood in the room. Now, were it not for that ever unimpeachable character for veracity before whose sacred claims I and my fathers before me do reverently bow, I should summon to my aid at this crisis the whole armory of elemental war; blue forked lightnings should dart and quiver, and ghastly spectral shapes should glide athwart the darkness, and groaning sepulchral voices should come up, muttering, yet fearfully distinct, from the depths of the horrible pit. As it is, kind reader, bear with me for one paragraph more, while I go on to relate how devilishly grinned the sooty satellite, and snatched from my trembling hand a blotted roll, and vanished. Frank, holding his nose in both hands, dismounted from his pedestal.

'Villainous smell of matches in the room, though, Sam; where the dev——'

'Come, do 'nt speak of him again, Frank! That is the original

Lucifer, the patron-saint of all earthly match-makers, and worshipped in the very odor of brimstone sanctity by all old maids and dowagers, from the weddings of the fair daughters of men unto this present evil day.'

'Good heavens! look without, Sam! — how the clouds lower, and the fog sweeps darkling down, and the rain bursts in torrents on the white-washed walls! Black! black the murky vapors wrap us round! Felt you not the trembling timbers? — heard you not that roaring blast? Hark! hark! — the casements shake and rattle! — the shutters swing madly in the storm! — the sashes, they strain, they quiver! — furiously they clash together in the fearful gust! — they bend — they burst! Ho! heard you ever laugh like that? — it poured in upon the tempest — such demoniac glee! — such hellish merriment! Look! — look! — that blue, that ghastly flame! — it dances now! — it flashes! flickers! — it goes out! Why, Sam, you laughing now! All's still again; the room grows light; the fire burns clear and bright once more; that fearful, roaring blast has died away; the pall-like mist is lifting up; I see; I breathe again; the stifling sulphurous fumes no more infect the air! Come, help me to a chair! What is this all? What does it mean?'

'Simply, Frank, that you have upset my whole stock of spontaneous combustibles into the grate; that an unusually strong burst of wind has forced open my sashes, and has deluged my carpet, to its irretrievable ruin; that some unfortunate old gentleman in the street has made a forced offering of his Sunday beaver unto Æolus, to the extreme and boisterous satisfaction of half-a-score of news-boys; and last and greatest of all, you are yourself, Frank, not a little frightened, which accounts, *sine numine*, for all the phenomena in question.'

'Well, but — come closer; is it all nothing, then? Was not that black and blotted parchment signed with your best heart's-blood? Did you not therein contract, in consideration for sundry benefits derived, to belong, body and soul, for ever and aye, to the — the gentleman of whose amiable peculiarities so little is at present known, and who is popularly supposed to keep himself within very convenient calling-distance of those who need his services? Was not that same smutty-faced satellite one of the angels of his Satanic Mightiness? Did he not whirl away upon the violent speed of fire, bearing the fatal document down to the infernal court? Was it not the Prince of the power of the air sweeping by in hellish pomp and circumstance, rushing on with his stormy, noisy, boisterous train, that unrolled the black mantle of his majesty before us, and vanished amid demoniac shrieks and fiendish shouts of exultation? Was it not —'

'No, it was not! and the innocent youth you have so heartlessly maligned was my own private imp, sworn on this ponderous tome of Faustus, strictly commissioned to deposit one of my choicest manuscripts, penny-postage paid, in the outside slit of the city post-office, to be duly submitted to the tender mercies of the KNICKERBOCKER, on the Monday morning ensuing. But come — now talk sensibly — and here is a book concerning which I want your faithful, candid judgment.'

'"Soap-Fat: A Tale of City Life." Another of the romances of wretchedness, eh? Well, here's for the first chapter:

‘Under its blackened ceiling, decked with tawdry, drooping evergreens, lighted by a few dim burners, reeking with stale tobacco-smoke and the fumes of gin and beer; hot and close, pouring out its suffocating steam into the cold night-air; resounding with horrid blasphemy, and the loud, coarse, babbling clamors of drunken revellers; it cannot be mistaken; this is the dance-cellar of notorious Jim Poole! Enthroned on three large packing-boxes at the farther end, seen through the dim atmosphere of smoke and saw-dust, sit the orchestra — a quick-fingered negro, rolling his head unconcernedly around, sawing upon his instrument with a master-hand, drawing from it incongruous tones and strange jangling chords; an apoplectic mulatto flutist, and a plethoric bugler; these are the ruling spirits of the revels. Sailors, negroes, bandy-legged, flat-chested German tailors, in pantaloons that fit as awkwardly as German pantaloons alone can do; little pale-faced French cobblers; weary, languid women, bonneted and shawled, or with bare shoulders and arms, dragging through the tiresome dance.’ There, won’t that suffice for the whole, Sam? What is it all about?’

‘Why, Frank, this is one of the modern moral tales, read by good people of strong minds, with benevolent desires to be acquainted with all that is wretched, and wicked, and low, in all the myriad forms of ugly vice and poverty, throughout our great and wicked city. These are the tales that are brought into our parlors; that are perused and wept over by our wives and sisters and innocent daughters! — that teach the haunts of wickedness; that show the ways of vice to those that never dreamed of evil or impurity; that gloat over the miseries of Magdalens; that follow them down the slippery steps that lead them to perdition; that shed crocodile tears over the deep oblivious pits of infamy that hide their fearful end from view; that drag up the drunkard and the man of secret sin from their darksome dens; that flaunt out the ragged weeds of poverty, and the scanty tattered vesture of scarred and tainted vice, and ignominious crime; that do this, and then turn round in the face of high HEAVEN, under the glorious sun, and dare take the holy name of virtue upon their foul and loathsome lips, and declare before GOD, and in the sight of upright men, that they are doing battle in *her* cause, and in *her* name drag her pure banner through the polluted kennels where they themselves do most delight to dwell. This kind of reading, Frank, is much in vogue at present, at a time when charity has become fashionable, and when wealth is pouring in full streams into the channels which far-seeing and self-sacrificing benevolence has dug for it. When Five-Point missions flourish, and wild Maggies become famous, and lamp-lighters heroes, here spreads out at once an almost inexhaustible field of literature, and reapers enough are rushing into the harvest, and certainly sheaves enough are being gathered into the garner, and the fanning-mills of the critical press are having enough to do to winnow away the superabundant chaff. Now, on your conscience, tell me, Frank, is it not almost time that the sympathies of the reading-world should have some rest from the harrowing trials of juvenile news-venders with charitable impulses; of philosophical rag-pickers with economical propensities; of industrious soap-fat men of extended views and enlarged intellectual discrimina-

tions? Is it absolutely necessary that our ears should be perpetually open portals for the maudlin lamentations of drunken prostitutes? — that we should be ourselves familiarized in print with all the paths of those whose ways go down to death? — or that we should be continually straining microscopical perceptions to the discovery of virtues and excellencies in the lowest grades of life, to the exclusion and utter abnegation of all good in those above them? Now, because there have been good books written by competent hands, portraying vice in all its rags and filthiness, and rousing to efforts for its redemption, is that any reason why every petty penny-a-liner should pour forth his feeble soul in lamentations and insane ululations over the iniquities of the land? or should force his clumsy, disgusting daubs upon our heart-sick gaze?

‘Now our soap-fat boy, born of a street-prostitute, behind the tattered curtain of a dance-house, left a squalling, filthy orphan, upon the charities of this cold, blustering world, grows up, after a peculiar fashion that orphans have, till he reaches the mature age of seven; then he unites his destinies to those of an itinerant collector of grease, and thus his career begins. ‘Soap-fat! — soap-fat!’ — past windows, down areas, in lanes, in streets, in courts; still ‘Soap-fat! — soap-fat!’ The ugly soap-fat man stands scowling at the gate; the little soap-fat boy is higgling with Betty at the basement-door. Their deep, guttural tones break the morning quiet; their ragged shadows flaunt across the sunshine patches on the basement parlor-floor. Through all the city’s alleys, courts, and stately streets, the pair go slouching on. The surly soap-fat man can talk of soap-fat only; the little soap-fat boy trains his young lungs to the same hoarse, croaking tone; he drags his slip-shod feet along, and thrusts his cracked and grimy hands deep into his empty pockets, and echoes the dolorous song. Hard fare and kicks and blows are all of his reward; only one thing he knows, and that is, ‘Soap-fat! — soap-fat!’ — only one tongue he speaks, ‘Soap-fat! — soap-fat!’ His heroines are dirty house-maids; his divinities, greasy cooks; the paradise that never opens to his way-worn feet, the warm and cheerful basement dining-room; Bellevue-wards his chamber of death, and the Potter’s Field the end of his weary pilgrimage. So it seemed, at least; no ray of light to shoot across his gloomy path; no hope, to bless one moment with a smile; no love, no pride, no lofty thought, no cheerful dreams of future days; no bright portal, dazzling with glorious beams, and guarded round with serried ranks of radiant angels, at the end of steep, ascending paths that lead to heaven. No, no! — only a black, deep, muddy flood, stagnant, and dark, and a narrow, rugged, cheerless pathway that leads down to its brink! So it seemed then; and so the benighted soap-fat boy went stumbling on his obscure way, till the day when he met a little dirty rag-picking girl, harnessed up in the same cart with two laborious dogs, tugging on with might and main, and solacing herself meanwhile with a half-burnt bone. There had never been any thing very remarkable about young soap-fat’s mental exercises, nor any thing unusually favorable in his moral training. What it was, therefore, that should excite a chivalrous sympathy in his bosom at this particular moment, and should induce him to espouse the cause of this distressed damsel, we are left ourselves to conjecture; however, this becomes the turning-point in his career, and by exhibiting

all the virtues and heroism of all the Paladins for the rest of the volume, he attains a respectable position in life, supports, and is about to marry his tattered innamorata, when his course is arrested, and he sets off for heaven amid a shower of theatrical glories perfectly overwhelming. The loves of virtuous scavengers, and the plots of melo-dramatic hand-organ men, form a great part of the interest of the volume, and one thrilling chapter is made up of a minute description of a pitched combat between a flash-plaster image-peddler and a well-disposed but unfortunate bill-sticker, somewhat addicted to spirituous stimulants. All the characters are followed in their uprisings and in their lyings-down, through all the haunts of vice and infamy; not a wrinkle nor a plague-spot is spared to us in the loathsome picture; the fetid, noisome sores are bared to view; the writhing, distorted lineaments, the withered limbs are laid naked to our eyes; the foul exhalations, the sickening vapors, the atmosphere of death and disease wrap us round in their disgusting, clammy embrace; squalidness and rags, and drunkenness and ruin, and the cries of hopeless agony, and the muttered groans of uttermost despair — they form the back-ground and the hellish music of this black panorama, that moves on, ever, ever, ever, before our sickening gaze.

‘There are great flaring placards in the streets and in the shops, with startling queries, ‘Have you read Soap-fat?’ By-and-by, you will sit down with some agreeable lady in a pleasant parlor, and when the weather and other important questions are discussed, she will eagerly inquire of you, ‘Have you read Soap-fat?’ She will discourse learnedly on the mysteries and miseries of Soap-fat; she will be enthusiastic in her admiration of the lovely character of that dear Suet, and profoundly metaphysical in her appreciation of sweet little Cottonetta. Her eyes will glance vivid lightning as she recounts the villainies of Raga Muffin, and will gleam with the soft light of womanly compassion, through sparkling tears that flow in streams at the mention of poor little Margarina’s death. Great magazine reviews of Soap-fat will stare at you out of all sorts of covers for months to come; the cant of the tallow-chandlery will become the fashionable dialect; the refined images of soap-boilerdom will furnish pregnant classical allusions for all literary tea-tables; big painted banners will flaunt across wide thoroughfares, blazoning startling incidents in Soap-fat’s life; ‘The Hundredth Night of the Celebrated Moral Drama of Soap-fat, repeated to Crowded and Fashionable Houses, with Immense Applause,’ will be thrust into your face at every corner; you will climb into the cock-loft of a crammed theatre to witness an eternally-prolonged dramatic version of Soap-fat’s thrilling adventures; your heart will spring into your throat at the sight of his steadfast devotion to his erring mother’s Bible; you will ply your bandanna with unwonted activity when that circling cloud of white muslin floats before your eyes, and the still, hushed murmur of thousands’ sobs falls upon your ears, like the voice of summer rain, and the choked, gasping voice of poor Soap-fat goes up at last in a theatrical prayer, and theatrical angels bear aloft his theatrical soul to a theatrical heaven; and when the big green curtain rolls slowly down again, with a solemn roar, like the sound of mighty rushing winds in the tree-tops, you draw a long-

suspended breath and turn away, wondering you were so foolish, and buttoning your great-coat meantime over your throbbing heart. Managers will grow rich on Soap-fat ; publishers will amass fortunes by Soap-fat ; the author will hold up his head in the street and will buy a pretty little country-house with Soap-fat. There will be Soap-fat offerings ; societies for the amelioration of Soap-fat ; great Soap-fat meetings, and penny Soap-fat contributions ; there will be nothing but Soap-fat till the next new 'Moral Tale of the Appleman's Daughter' makes its appearance. And doubtless much good will be done, and many a poor orphan's tears will be wiped away, and many a dwarfed and starving mind will be hunted up, dwelling in a rough and dirty prison-cell, all shut up from the bright light of moral truth, and many such a one will go free and rejoicing on, in a new and blessed pathway, up to the pure, glorious day ; but the work will not be done by those who read Soap-fat, and are moved to tears by the story of Soap-fat's sufferings and his heroism ; nor by those who grow rich on Soap-fat ; nor by the one that wrote Soap-fat ; but by many a one that never heard of Soap-fat in a book, but found him and all his starving, benighted brethren away down in pits of pollution that they never told of to the world, nor boasted of in places of fashionable resort ; but blushing and shame-facedly they spoke of it in a corner, among a few like themselves, and rushed down to the rescue. What use is there of telling of all of Soap-fat's bruises, and his sores, and his filthy rags ? Why marshal Soap-fat into an army with banners, and parade him before plethoric stock-brokers and benevolent furred ladies ? Why make up pleasure-parties to pry into Soap-fat's haunts, and spy out all his nakedness ? Why use Soap-fat as a curiosity about to be metamorphosed into a human being ? Don't let Soap-fat alone ; give him money ; give him clothes ; teach him to read, and give him books ; teach him to work, and give him something to do ; make a man of him, and a good man ; but don't make him fashionable ; don't make him a phenomenon ; don't write novels about him.'

'Don't make long speeches about him either, Sam ! Really you must give me credit for some patience, considering that you have asked my opinion on some vital points, no less than half-a-dozen times, and have never once afforded me an opportunity of expressing it ; and here I have been sitting with my mouth half-open —'

'To its utmost stretch, Frank. If you have yawned once, it has been twenty times while I have been speaking ; but go on — go on ; I have done.'

'Well, that's a blessing, at all events ; but I came only to say that you must come with me to dinner. I have a fine auto-biographical scheme to talk over with you, and you have allowed me no time to do it justice here. But what say you, Sam, to a grand auto-biographical speculation — not that the world cares one straw about you or me in the abstract ; but an auto-biographical you or me, shut up in embossed and gilded muslin ! — your fine Vandyke oval staring at them from the frontispiece, or my Raffaelesque physiognomy looking over a Byronic collar, out from among the smooth-cut, pure white leaves ; or perchance let there be a half-apocryphal identity preserved. Let Samuel Seaton pillory the father that begat him, before the gaping, staring vulgar —'

masking himself, the executioner, meanwhile, under some well-sounding cognomen of vowels and smoothly-flowing consonants; let him blazon forth the unforgotten, rankling wrongs his brother has done him; let not a word be forgotten; let not a deed perish from that roll of infamy; let every hard, repulsive feature be engraven; let not remorse, let not one dying, lingering heart-throb of affection prevail in that hour, to erase one line or one wrinkle from that fiendish portrait, graved by the stern, the pitiless hand of a son's — a brother's hatred. Draw for the back-ground of this picture, worthy of a fury's pencil, a black and stormy field, whereon the bad, the evil-hearted, the cold and passionless doers of wrong are fighting for supremacy; cast over all a thin and flimsy veil of fiction; and then the world will care for you, and know you well; all your haunts, your trials, your wives, and the number of your children, and the back-attic where you earn your bread. Then you will have readers enough, and purchasers enough, and your publisher will rub his hands when he sees you, and ask after your next new book, with interest unfeigned. Or be a great financier, a false friend, a heartless lover, an opera-director, a quack. Betray the man that cherished you in his bosom in the winter of your adversity; lay bare all his little foibles, his tenderly-guarded prejudices, to the cold atmosphere of an unsympathizing, curious world. Reveal the weaknesses, the frailties of the woman you professed to love even unto death; coldly, cruelly unveil the little failings of her you swore to cherish and protect. Has she trifled with you? — has she mocked at your professions? — has she met your vows with heartless dissimulation, and treated the heart you offered her as a womanish toy? Show the world how nearly she was right, by publishing, with sound of trumpet, the history of that inglorious contest between woman's deep duplicity and art and man's diplomacy and desperate cunning. Or reveal to the crowd of admiring boobies the petty tricks of trade, the arts of charlatantry; or proclaim abroad the intrigues of ballet-girls and the *liaisons* of *prima donnas*; or write amusing libels upon eminence in all the four quarters of the globe, from the day you drew your earliest breath until the hour that you sit down, a worn-out, broken-down adventurer, to peddle out the stored-up scandal of fifty years of mis-spent life. Do this, and though you be in yourself more insignificant than 'the poor beetle that we tread upon,' yet shall you awake to find your name blown from fame's trumpet all throughout the land, and yourself shall be handed down to the admiring contempt of all posterity, coupled in ignominy with the great names that you have slandered.

From the revelations made to me by Frank Fantome that afternoon, in the development of his scheme, I am prepared to say that when that auto-biography of his *does* appear, there will not be a man, woman, or child in the country, possessed of any degree of intelligence, or any way considerably endowed with capillary covering, whose hair will not straightway assume an erect position, and maintain the same until such time as 'him list his magic-wand to wave,' and dispel those shadowy horrors with a burst of jocund merriment; and not a paltry, unlucky editor — and their name is legion — who ever returned one of Frank's brilliant essays, but the caitiff-knave shall quake and cringe beneath the knotted lash he wields in his unmerciful right hand.

T H E W I N T E R W I N D .

HUSH! moaning wind, that murmurest past,
With low, sad wailing filled;
Peace! peace to the voice of the mournful blast!
Wind, lonely wind, be stilled!

Some spirit of sadness thou must bear,
O wind! on thy rushing wings;
And this is the wailing sound I hear
When that sorrowing spirit sings:

Thy voice is not that of the gentle breeze,
That breath of the blushing spring,
That sports 'mid the flowers and laughs 'mid the leaves
Where the birds of the summer sing:

Nor the whirlwind's breath in its gathering might,
By the wings of the tempest borne,
When the lightnings gleam through the clouds at night,
O'er the sky, where the storm rolls on.

But thine, O wind! is the chilling breath;
And that voice, so full of sadness,
It speaks to the heart of grief, of death,
Of all—yes, all but gladness.

And it minds us too of the cold, dark tomb,
Where sleep the silent dead;
Of life when 'tis reft of its beauty and bloom,
And its joy and its brightness have fled.

Thou art not heard when the spring is seen
To come with her laughing showers,
When she decks the earth in a robe of green,
And wreathes her brow with flowers.

But thy voice is heard 'mid the naked trees,
When the bright flowers all are gone,
And thou comest to scatter the withered leaves,
When the summer birds have flown.

Thou followest pale WINTER's icy feet,
And thy voice its moaning keepeth,
When the Earth, like the dead in their winding-sheet,
In her cold, white mantle sleepeth!

Thou sigh'st o'er the grave where the lowly rest,
Where no mourner comes but thee;
Thy voice is heard on the ocean's breast,
Far, far o'er the deep, dark sea:

And sad must sound that dreary wail
Around some silent wreck,
As howling through each tattered sail,
It sweeps the lonely deck.

That sigh too is heard 'mid the dashing surge,
 For the sleepers 'neath the wave ;
 That mournful blast is the only dirge
 Above the sea-boy's grave.

M. L. M.

CHINESE LETTERS.

BY FAN-KEUI.

Canton, China, —, 18—.

MY DEAR NED : Here I am, at length, after a most tedious voyage, during which Father Neptune — may the devil some day catch him out of his dominions ! — treated me more like a step-son than one of his own children.

Although, since I last wrote to you, I have traversed a large portion of the route pursued by the early Arabian voyagers, and the famous Venetian, 'Messer Millione,' on their way to and return from the wondrous land of Cathay, truth compels me to acknowledge that I have neither fallen in with the 'negroes who hang strangers with their heads downward, and slice them into pieces which they eat quite raw' ; nor a single one of those dangerously-captivating females 'who kill a man with a glance' ; nor, indeed, notwithstanding I tarried some time in Ceylon, was I able to get a glimpse of 'the grandest ruby that ever was seen, being a span in length, and the thickness of a man's arm' ; or to obtain any certain information as to whether the tomb, which is to be seen 'on the mountain called Rahun,' contains 'the body of Adam' or of 'Sogomon-baschan' — the Musselmans asserting one thing, and the Buddhists another, so that I was at a loss to determine within myself which was the true story. God knows it !

As to the fish which, leaving their native element, 'get up to the cocoa-nut trees, and having drained them of their juice, take to the sea again,' all I have to say is, if there be such, they must have kept themselves scarce while I was about ; for, although I climbed cocoa-nut trees innumerable, in search of them, devil the one could I find ; yet would I not too hastily set this down as a *fish-story* ; for what our same author relates of another species of the funny tribe, which he denominates 'sea-locusts,' is unquestionably correct, as I have seen countless swarms of them flying, not only in the sea of 'Haskand,' but in divers other seas ; and of the truth of this declaration I stand ready at all times to make a deposition, under my own sign manual, before any one of that worshipful body, the separate members of which are by these celestials styled *Laouyay*, and by us terrestrials, Your Honor. But that these same fish do sometimes come aboard-ship, and roost on the hammock-nettings and lower-yards, so that the midshipmen do 'get their shooting up' by popping them over, sitting — as one of their number did waggishly and wickedly tell his elder brother in Kentucky — is by no means true ; and the author of so mischievous an invention deserves to be incontinently clobbered in this world, and 'roasted

like a herring' in the next. This midshipman's yarn, however, I think I hear you say, has no bearing whatever upon the quantum of credit which one should accord to the writings of the early travellers. True ; so, not to digress further, I proceed to say that now, as in their days, a vessel, 'after getting through the Gates, goes with the tide of flood into a fresh-water gulf, and drops anchor in the chief port of China, which is that of Canfu.' Fires are still of frequent recurrence, owing to the houses being built of 'split cane' ; and, no doubt, the merchants would ere this have 'returned in crowds' to England and the United States, as they formerly did to 'Siraf and Oman,' in consequence of the 'exactions of the two-faced mandarins,' were it not that the customs of these worthies gave way entirely, a few years back, to the English 'artillery-practice.' As to the habit* of carrying 'gilded canes, a cubit long, which are bored through,' it prevails now, as in the days of Abu Zeid al Hassan ; but their use seems to have been strangely perverted since then, as they now serve merely to smoke opium through ! But enough of this. Here I am, as I think I said once before ; and although I am entirely ignorant of 'that dreadful tongue which requires no less than the life of man to be duly attained,' who knows but that, ere a year rolls by, I may have so far profited by the 'transforming influence of Chinese civilization,' as to be converted from an 'outside barbarian,' an illiterate 'foreign devil,' to a cultivated disciple of the 'tall man,' † being thoroughly posted up in the 'Four Books' and the 'Five Canonical Works,' and having the 'three thousand ceremonies' at my fingers' end. Perhaps — stranger things have come to pass ! — I may even be selected by the 'Son of Heaven,' the 'Ten Thousand Years,' to fill the office of 'Salt Mandarin,' or that of 'Ysoong-to' or 'Fooynen,' all of whom have it in their power, I am told, to make a mint of money. The fact is, if I am credibly informed, all the officers of this 'pure and great empire' have a devilish good berth of it, except the Censors, who, so far from feathering their nests like the others, are most uncommonly lucky if they do not receive more cuffs than half-pence ; for, when they tell the truth, they offend the emperor, and stand a mighty fair chance of being sent to the 'cold country' ; ‡ and if, adhering to the Catholic doctrine, they think proper to conceal it by 'dissimulation,' § ten to one but the people are down on them, and contrive to have them unmercifully bamboozled by some rascally magistrate, without even the benefit of 'imperial favor.' || One thing you may depend upon, I shall not be backward in accepting any thing lucrative which is offered to me ; for the Chinese themselves have this saying : 'The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities' ; and a great Frenchman has said : 'Pour etre grand homme, il faut savoir profiter de toute sa fortune.' So I swear by 'the great

* CONCERNING this, the curious may find something spicy in RENAUDOT'S 'Ancient Account of India and China, by two Mohammedans.'

† CONFUCIUS.

‡ Northern Tartary.

§ Mas, puede callarse la verdad disimulando. — *Catecismo de la doctrina Cristiana.*

|| A small hollow cylinder, full of tallies or slips of wood, stands before the judge, and according to the nature of the offence, he takes out a certain number and throws them on the floor of the court. These are taken up by the attendants, and five blows, nominally, but in reality only four, inflicted for each. This mitigation goes to the emperor's credit, being called 'imperial favor.'

DAVIS, vol. I., page 227.

bare-footed angel,' if the rebels should succeed, and desire to make me their emperor, I will not decline the honor ; for I must confess I have always been of the opinion of honest Sancho : ' Sir,' replied Sancho, ' it is sweet to command, though it be but a flock of sheep.' By the bright eyes of Lindaraja, I would have no man refuse a crown to his head, if one can be had for the asking ; and now, would you believe it, Ned — I am vain enough to think the Chinese could not select a better ruler than myself, for, like Micky Free, I am ' fond of tobacco and ladies ' ; and, as emperor, I suppose I should not have much else to attend to.

Our passage from Singapore to this place occupied nine days, which is good steaming against a north-east monsoon. On our course, we fell in with a great number of water-snakes, many of which were quite fifteen feet in length ; and I now begin to think there may be some truth, after all, in the story of the sea-serpent, as related by Lieut. Drummond, of the Royal Navy, and others. *Apropos* of this, I remember being startled one morning, while cruising in a fine frigate off the coast of Portugal, by the cry from the look-out at the main-top-mast-head, ' Sea-serpent O ! '

' Where away ? '

' Broad on the lee-bow, Sir ! '

The officer of the deck levelled his glass at the object, and, speechless with amazement, handed it to the first lieutenant, who, after peering through it a moment, relinquished it to the master, and made a straight wake for the cabin, whence he presently emerged, closely followed by the captain. The captain looked, the master looked — we all looked ! There he was, sure enough, and no mistake — a great, black monster, about a mile long ; his vertebræ appearing above the water like a thousand roughly-coopered barrels strung loosely together.

' Mr. Blowhard,' at length said the commander, drawing a long breath, ' keep her away a couple of points, and beat to quarters. We'll double-shot the guns, and give it to him, starboard and port, Sir ! '

At the tap of the drum, officers and men went to their quarters ; the port battery was cast loose ; and the captains of the guns, every now and then squinting along their pets, to keep them pointed fair at the varmint, stood with the lock-strings in their hands, all ready to let slip, at the word of command.

' Fire by divisions ! ' shouted the executive, at the top of his lungs. Then came a succession of deafening reports ; the good ship gave a heavy keel to starboard, and — marvellous to relate — when the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the sea-serpent was to be seen ; but, in its stead, a number of pools of blood, about which some thousands of porpoises were distractedly swimming.

' I say, Sergeant,' cried the hospital-steward, who passed for a wit among the crew, ' if you could only get them knock-kneed monster-marines of yours to form as straight a line as these 'ere marine monsters has just formed, I should really consider you a second Napoleon.'

' Why, steward,' said a broad-shouldered, high-sterned quarter-master, shoving in the blade of his oar, ' do you mean for to insinuate that that was n't the sea-sarpint, but only some porpoises, as the old man ordered us to fire at ? '

'Why, in course I does,' answered the steward.

'Then I 'm blessed but you 're a fool!' politely rejoined the quartermaster.

Thus ended the adventure of the sea-sarpint!

From the time of our leaving the Straits of Malacca, not a day passed without our meeting a dozen or more large junks, running before the monsoon; and on our approach to this coast, it really seemed as if the 'whole earth' was under way to bear us company on the 'great deep.' Our first anchorage was at Macao, an old Portuguese settlement, which serves as a summer-resort for the merchants of Canton. It is advantageously situated for trade; and had it not been for the suicidal policy pursued by the 'Portugals,' for more than a century, of excluding English and Dutch ships from their port, would now undoubtedly be a place of the first commercial importance. As it is, however, it is emphatically dead; and the sooner it is buried, too, the better for Portugal, as, instead of being a source of revenue to that kingdom, it is now actually an incumbrance upon it. According to Davis, the Portuguese obtained the 'temporary use and profit of Macao, *ad nutum* of the emperor, as early as 1537, by paying a ground-rent of five hundred taels per annum.' This they continued to pay until the year 1844, when they refused to do so any longer, in consequence of the murder of their governor by the Chinese; the circumstances connected with which tragic event were thus narrated to me by an old resident: The governor, a man of violent temper, whose name, I believe, was Amarral, had given great offence to the Chinese, on various occasions, by his arbitrary acts; and finally filled up the measure of his iniquities, in their eyes, by cutting a road through a burial-ground which lies just outside the city-walls. Those who are acquainted with the superstitious reverence of the celestials for the 'tombs of their ancestors,' can imagine the storm which followed. From the hour that the first grave was defiled, the fate of Amarral was sealed. His every movement was now watched, a price was put upon his head, and hundreds of Chinese banded together like the Jews of old, and solemnly swore, in the presence of their idols, that they would neither sleep nor eat until they had killed 'Amarral the barbarian.' The governor was informed of this conspiracy; but, tyrant as he was, he was no coward. He laughed at the fears of his friends, who advised him not to venture abroad without a guard, and obstinately refused to adopt a single precaution which they esteemed necessary for his safety. On the morning of the day which closed his earthly career, he jocularly asked an American gentleman 'how much he thought a governor's head was worth?'

'I could not place a valuation on your excellency's,' replied the American, courteously.

'Well,' said Amarral, laughing heartily as he spoke, 'I ask you because I hear that that old fool, the viceroy of Canton, has offered a thousand taels* for it, and, to my thinking, it would be dear at half the money.'

In the afternoon, he rode out as usual, attended by a single aide-de-

* About sixteen hundred dollars.

camp, and rashly ventured beyond the barrier-wall erected across the isthmus which separates Macao from the island of Heangshan. He had scarce passed it when he was attacked on all sides. He fought desperately, but was soon dragged from his horse and barbarously murdered before the eyes of his aid, who was unable to render him any assistance. When the news of this murder reached Macao, the whole city was thrown into confusion. The commander of the troops, however, with admirable presence of mind, immediately gave orders to storm two Chinese forts in the vicinity, which were gallantly carried, without loss to the assailants. This had the effect of intimidating the Chinese population, which had before assumed a menacing attitude, so that they dared not offer the slightest opposition to the Portuguese soldiers, who, after expelling the Yso-tâng — an officer placed there by the emperor to govern his own subjects — took formal possession of Macao, in the name of their queen, Donna Maria da Gloria.

Having now brought you safely through the India and China seas, in the short space of an hour, I am sure you must be fatigued with your journey, so I will e'en leave you for the present, snugly moored at Macao, with the wish of Cervantes, 'that God may give you health and not be unmindful of me.' Yours as ever,

FAN-KUEL.

S T A N Z A S .

STRANGE how I love thee! how my wayward heart,
Fickle of old, at length hath perfect rest!
No wish, no wandering thoughts from thee depart;
Alone thine image reigneth in my breast.

Thou art so good, thou lendest good to me!
Thou art so fair, around thee all things shine!
Thou art so pure, I dwell in purity!
So gentle, my rough spirit grows benign.

No longer is the world a wilderness,
No more for pleasure wearily I roam;
Thy smile, thy presence, round my sphere of bliss,
Within the peaceful precincts of our home.

Sometimes I think how that unbidden guest,
Relentless Death, will one day enter here,
And thou, or I, with stilled, unheaving breast,
Sleep, without heeding any sigh or tear.

Could we together tread the gloomy vale,
Meet the last conflict walking hand in hand;
Rest side by side, when sight and sense should fail,
And wake together in the 'better land,'

This were a blessing. Let us pray for this,
And dwell on earth in gentle, constant love;
Exchange at length our final good-night kiss,
And find our morning in the climes above!

SPRING-FLIGHT OF THE WILD-GEESE.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

SAILING through the solemn mid-night,
Underneath the frosty moon,
I can hear the clanging pinions
Of each shadowy platoon;
Hear the wingéd hosts' commotion,
Marching toward the northern ocean;
File on file, and rank on rank,
Winnowing toward some reedy bank,
Or bleak fens, or marshes gray,
Far up Baffins' lonely bay;
Hawking! hawking! in their flight
Under the black cloud of night.

Sailing through the noon-day heavens,
Their battalions I discern,
Wedge-like, or in open column,
Still toward the north they turn.
Straight o'er Jersey's sandy borders,
O'er Long-Island's sea-like Sound,
Past Montauk, or lone Fire-Island,
North, still north, unerring bound.
High above the tallest pine-tree,
High above the stateliest oak,
Still unflagging, their dark pinions
Beat the clouds with steady stroke.

Winging o'er the waste of ocean,
O'er the voyaging ships they pass,
While, from reeling mast, the sea-boy
Notes them with his up-raised glass;
And the fisher, in his cobble,
Drops his lines to trace their flight;
And the baffled fowler gazes,
Hopeless, till they fade from sight.
Inland, over plain and pasture,
Over mountain, wood, and stream,
Onward speeds the long procession,
Northward the swift pinions gleam.

Through our rough, dark months of winter,
In what mellow Southern clime,
'Mid what lagoons and savannahs
Did ye pass your happy time?
Haply among sunny islands
Where the Mexic surges smile,
'Mid sweet flower-smells and gay plumage
Did your flocks the months beguile.
Haply amid red flamingos,
Fluttering o'er some lilled lake,
Where the aloe droops its branches,
And the palms their branches shake.

M O S Q U I T O S :

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY.

BY LLWYVEIN.

Up yonder on the ceiling reposes one of the individuals referred to. The yellow leaf is falling; Jack Frost has been nipping the butterflies and roses of summer; mosquitos are passing away; and this one, like Tom Moore's flower, is

'Left blooming alone,
While his lovely companions
Are faded and gone.'

Time has passed lightly over his brow, and nothing but his aldermanic proportions reveal that his hour is drawing nigh, and that he will soon disappear, only to be found again with those transient and mysterious items, the flies and the pins. A poor, lean creature — destitute of vitality as an unpatronized magazine, and looking as emaciated as one of the contributors who depends upon the same for support — he appeared about the time that we were preparing to go to a watering-place. From his mansion above, which is directly over my bed, selected on account of the prospect, and to which he adheres by a kind of ceiling-wax, known only to bugs, he calmly beheld coats, waistcoats, and cravats pitched into a trunk in irretrievable confusion, together with other things which a native delicacy prevented him from noticing particularly. He saw the trunk locked, strapped, and carried off by a strapping porter, while he was left to regale himself on the luxuriant 'Biddy,' who remained to take care of the house, and keep him from starving.

'Biddy' had a beau, who spent most of the summer months reclining on the parlor-sofa, and whenever the little chap got tired of feeding on 'Biddy,' or found that her blood was too rich for daily digestion, he would take a drink of brandy from Mr. O'Flanigan's nose, to settle his stomach. Mr. O'Flanigan was a native of Shillelaghburn, Bloody-fray village, Prater county, Ireland; and as both 'Biddy' and he, as well as the other emigrants from that celebrated island, are all descended from Irish kings, it is no wonder they sought each other's society, and spent so much time upon my parlor-sofa.

Although the nose of this sprig of royalty was of the bottle kind, he always asserted

'T was not brandy that made his nose red,
But blushing to see so much guzzling.'

and the veracity of the nation from which he had emanated being so well established, it is a matter of surprise that this mosquito has always persisted in asserting the presence of liquor in the tip of his nasal organ. Nevertheless, regaling himself alternately on 'Biddy' and her lover,

he grows quite fat, and gets comfortably through the summer. September comes round, and we come home. 'Biddy' says it has been 'dreadful lonely,' and 'she'll never stay in the house alone again, as long as she lives,' while mosquito laughs, and thinks of Mr. O'Flanigan. We retire to bed, tired with a long journey, and mosquito comes down and tries a little fresh pasture. We lay, dreaming of the moonlight beach, the soft sea breeze, the restless breakers, and toss as restlessly ourselves. Mosquito chuckles at our uneasiness, and takes another drink. Anon we turn round and violently slap our cheek, while Mr. M. describes a few tantalizing circles round our head. The next morning we wake, and looking up at the ceiling, perceive that he has increased to the size of a humming-bird; and knowing that the thief has been feeding on the flesh that we have been paying fourteen dollars per week to attain, we seize upon a pillow and throw it at the reprobate's head. Although he has a mortal dislike to exercise upon a full stomach, he nimbly eludes the messenger of death, and retreats to his mountain fastness, which is usually a dark corner behind the wardrobe, very high up.

Collectively and genealogically considered, we find that he belongs to the gnat tribe, who trace their origin to an individual named Nathaniel, who lived in a bog, and was the father of all little gnats. The family connections are more numerous than those of any other name mentioned by genealogists. The descendants are mostly cosmopolites, the only portion of them appearing to have a fixed place of residence being that portion which inhabits the Ural Mountains, and there travellers assert that they have been gnat-ural-ized.

Their relationship to musqueteers has not been definitely ascertained, but we know that the latter bear arms, and that the former have a decided penchant for bare arms, so that the probability of consanguinity is great. Their armorial bearings are supposed to be a '*sting potence*,' surrounded by '*guttles de sang*,' and the motto of the family is, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' The name is an old one, for it is borne by some of the aborigines of America, and a certain territory has been so much ennobled by the same cognomen that it has been eagerly sought for by the British government, which seems very remarkable, when we consider the modesty, forbearance, and dislike to colonial aggrandizement, which has always distinguished that nation. 'The pages of story' are filled with tales of this mysterious insect, and he has been noticed on all sides — particularly on a hot night.

Whether his sting is really in his head, or whether he carries it in his tail, science alone can determine, for every body smashes him the instant they catch him, without stopping to look: but he certainly carries a weapon somewhere about him, yclept a sting; for he has kept sticking it into me all summer.

We are told that in some parts of the globe they grow to the size of geese, and carry brick-bats about them to sharpen this instrument with, and that in other places the inhabitants become so filled with the stings, that they at last become exempt from all danger, simply because the insect cannot find a new place to put a sting into. This is probably

an exaggeration, but if true, what a blissful state to arrive at, after the pain ceases.

In many countries, nets are prepared by the hunters of the mosquito, but unlike nets laid for other game, they only catch the hunter : an Irishman, who left an opening in his net for the creatures to go in, and then slept on the floor when he thought they were safely shut up inside, being the only instance on record in which the said net was put to its legitimate uses, and in which the hunter was not used for bait. It is possible that the powers of this bird may be over-rated ; and yet a recent occurrence on one of our rail-roads, which will be vouched for by any one of the stock-holders who has sold out his stock, proves that they are formidable when united. This rail-road, which is located not more than a thousand miles from here, runs from a great city to the sea-coast. Much inconvenience has been experienced in completing the last five miles, on account of an immense marsh, which it is necessary to cross, and which is so thick with mosquitos that it is difficult for the engine to make head-way against them. A short time since, the train came to a dead-stop, and the engineer announced in a loud voice that his fuel was out — having been consumed in a vain endeavor to penetrate the mass of insects. A cloud of the mosquitos immediately offered to take the train over the marsh, provided the engineer would hold up his umbrella for them to fly against ; but the fellow, knowing that umbrellas are never returned when run off with, and having only lately stolen the one he had with him, declined. Fortunately for the passengers, a gentleman in the cars had borrowed two, and he generously offered the use of the worst one to the company, by means of which the train was carried safely over. Every thing in nature has its uses, but this is the first instance known in which the mosquito has proved himself to be of the slightest service to mankind.

Metaphysically considered, the mosquito is a reasoning animal ; practically considered, he is a ' Jack-of-all-trades.' His mind partakes of the qualities of the philosopher, the mathematician, the mechanic. He can calculate to a nicety the length of the arm, and ascertain the exact velocity of the same when in motion — long experience having taught him that the momentum is in proportion to the irritability of the motive power. He has quite an ear for music, for he is continually singing, but has contracted a bad habit of always humming the same tune. As his relations and connections all know it, and sing it perfectly, it has been conjectured that it is a national anthem in Mosquito-land, and that the frequency of its use originates in motives of patriotism. Unlike the moth, he never gets burnt ; for you may put a dozen candles in the room, and he will fly round them and through them without receiving the slightest perceptible injury, being of the Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego order. He never either walks or runs, and yet he certainly is an ' artful dodger.' Belonging to a war-like tribe, who are continually at enmity with the rest of the world, he is a good soldier, and accustomed to drilling, frequently going through manual exercises when his enemy is wrapped in sleep. Sacrilegious to a degree, in fact utterly destitute of a respect for religion, he seeks his pray by night, and

often attacks them when praying. By some means he appears to have learned the trade of a shoemaker ; for although my skin is of the consistency of leather, he can punch a hole through it with awl ease.

Being of a barbarous turn of mind, he uses every effort to engage mankind in making scratches. Incomprehensible from first to last, although a perfect humbug, he is very attentive to buzziness.

A decided epicure, he never bites a countryman when he can get a citizen ; never bites an adult when he can get a child ; and never bites me when he can get 'Biddy.'

But our paper and your patience, reader, are both exhausted, and therefore, in the words of an execrable punster, we inform you that we must-quit-oh !

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

BY JENNY MARSH.

'In the Cathedral of Limerick there was a peal of bells brought from a convent in Italy, for which it was manufactured by an enthusiastic Italian, with great labor and skill. The artist fixed his home near the convent, and for many years enjoyed his beloved bells. Political convulsions drove the monks from the monastery, the Italian from his home, and the bells were carried to another land. After long wanderings the Italian came to Ireland. One evening, as he floated along the Shannon, he heard a peal from the cathedral town. They were his bells, the long-lost treasure of his happiness. Such a tide of memories swept over the chords of his heart that they snapped under the vibration.'

The Italian to his Bride.

I.

Ah ! press thy lips to mine, MERMEL,
 My dark-eyed love, my bride ;
 For the glimmering shades of the soft twilight
 Over the waters glide ;
 And we soon shall hear the convent bells,
 Calling poor souls to prayer :
 Those bells are the voice of my heart, MERMEL,
 And thou art my heaven, most fair.
 My angel-bride,
 Shall I turn from thy side
 And hope for a heaven more rare ?

Oh ! lay thy hand on my heart, MERMEL,
 'T is a wild yet faithful thing ;
 I would have thee feel its throbs awake
 When the bells begin to ring :
 For they are the voice of my heart, MERMEL,
 And many a tale they will bring,
 That my lips cannot speak ; so, list ! MERMEL,
 When the bells begin to ring,
 They will call to prayer :

But why should I turn from thee,
When, 'neath the lash of thy love-lit eye
My heart's dearest heaven I see?

Ah! list, now they speak, my fair MERMEL,
And angels are coming to thee;
They bring sweet tales to my own MERMEL,
Sweetest of whispers from me.
Each heart hath dear words that it may not speak
With the lips of mortal clay,
And the spirit murmurs for being so weak,
And beareth its burden away,
Unless it can fashion some mystic thing
That in music may utter the soul:
My heart is in silence until those bells ring,
Then its language I may not control.
My bride, MERMEL,
Thou mayst hear from each bell
A whisper of love from the depths of my soul.

They speak of naught but thee, MERMEL,
They bring no meed of fame;
No yearnings deep that wring the heart
To give the world our name.
And when the unseen hand shall come,
Be it for thee or me,
Their peal shall guide the called one home;
The one that lone must be
Shall, yearning list
For the voice of the bells to greet the ear;
For love shall hear
Those tones most clear
That memory garnered up as dear.

II.

MERMEL! MERMEL!

But tremble thy pale lips and tell me thou art waking,
This slumber dread of thine will bow my heart to breaking.
O GOD of faith and love! say, shall there be no waking?

MERMEL! MERMEL!

But mutely press the hand that claspeth these cold fingers:
Oh! can it be that in thy heart no gleam of love-life lingers?
Then would my heart might turn as cold as these cold marble fingers.

MERMEL! MERMEL!

Thus vainly have I called thee throughout this gloomy day.
Yet still upon thy night-dark eyes the snow-white eye-lids lay.
Oh! how it chills the soul to clasp a form of death-cold clay!

MERMEL! MERMEL!

The convent bells do chime, and now I'll cease my weeping,
For in their tones I hear thy voice my name repeating.
I dared to hope when vespers rang that I should hear thee speaking.

III.

Twilight crept o'er Shannon's tide,
While upon the waters wide,
Like a leaf, a boat did glide.

Rowers two, that struck the waves
Light as winds that leave their caves
Soft to sigh o'er children's graves.

In the prow one sat alone,
A paler brow DEATH may not own,
Or darker eyes make sorrow known.

There he sat, a thing apart,
Seeming gazing at his heart,
That did make the tear-drops start.

Lulling music of the oars,
Gliding shadows on the shores
Could not ope the long-shut doors

Of his spirit, bidding enter
Tranquil HOPE with whispers lent her
From the hymning band that sent her.

What the sorrow in his breast,
What his spirit's mystic guest,
Whispering, this the rowers guessed.

Then they faster 'gan to row,
Saying, 'HEAVEN can but know
But he is a good man's foe.'

Where the stream near Limerick wound,
Silvery chimes came floating down
From the great cathedral town.

Wildly did the pale man start,
Pressed his hand upon his heart,
While one name his lips did part.

Then, with arms crossed on his breast,
Laid he back, as if to rest,
And the crucifix he pressed.

When the rowers turned their heads
They did gaze upon the dead,
And their prayers were wildly said

As they deeper dipped the oar,
Straining for the shadowy shore,
Fearing the calm freight they bore.

Rochester, (N.Y.)

SHECKERLY: THE OXFORD SOLDIER.

‘AND simple truth its utmost skill.’ — SIR HENRY WOTTON.

‘ALL the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players.’ But the parts they act are very different, and the attention they excite is as unequal. Some have nations for spectators of their mighty playing, where, at every change of the scene, at every rising of the curtain, whole millions applaud or condemn. The hearts of a world throb with emotion at each evolution of the plot, and the passion becomes more intense with every development, till, at the fall of the curtain, nations tremble, and peoples are swayed like the sedge.

Others play almost unnoticed. There is no applause at the beginning — no tears or rejoicing at the end. But to the actors themselves, the personal moment is the same, whether the stage be a country or a cottage-hearth — lighted by burning cities, or by a penny-candle.

The watching of these life-dramas is an interesting and instructive occupation of thoughtful minds. Sometimes a drama opens brilliantly, and we form great expectations of the glory of its progress; but at some shift of the scenes, actors and spectators disappear, and we never know the conclusion.

Sometimes we get a seat at the middle act, and, unknowing its commencement and termination, are startled by its strange and weird-like mystery. And coming in at the last scene, just before the curtain falls, when, perhaps, the lights are fading and the benches empty, and the actors or actor, as it may be, are saying the last words or doing the final deed, we feel in the very air, in the gathering gloom, in the worn and haggard face of the player, that it has been a drama of an earnest and solemn kind — a tragedy, perchance, to make the blood curdle.

Indeed, it strangely happens that we seldom see one of these dramas of life played from its beginning to its close. It is but a fragmentary sort of spectacle we usually witness.

I was an observer, in 1828, at the Cape of Good Hope, of the final act in a short life-drama which, because not devoid of interest, (though the spectators were few, and the stage a very humble one,) and because it fell to me to know the whole of its plot I shall relate; premising that no very strange and unprecedented passages must be expected; for truth has these but seldom, and the story I purpose to tell is a true one. I do not mean true in its *nature*; but that it is the narration of some of the facts in the real life of one who enjoyed, suffered, and died as certainly as you, reader, and I must. (Ambiguous names will be understood to be substituted for real ones, except when otherwise specified.) My own personal connection with the principal actor in this drama was at a comparatively late period of its progress; but as I learned its commencement from his own lips, I regarded its later scenes with a knowledge of its whole character. In narrating it, I shall give its outline in the real progress of its events, and not go back

from the point of my humble connection with it, to its beginning, as the period of that connection will sufficiently appear in the course of its development.

Thomas Sheckerly (I give his real name) was left, by the death of his parents, to the care of his uncle, who gave him, in accordance with his father's request, the most favorable advantages for education; the property left by the father just sufficing for this purpose. These advantages young Sheckerly improved to the satisfaction of his guardian. He was of a generous nature, inclining to impulse, and was not unfrequently betrayed into those imprudences to which such persons are liable, though assuredly no one could ever have had reason to doubt the goodness of his heart or the rectitude of his intentions. After pursuing the usual course of preliminary study, having extended his researches much beyond the ordinary limit of scholars of his age, he entered, for the purpose of prosecuting certain branches of effort, — College, Oxford, whose head, Professor P —, was not unfavorably known as the author of certain philological tracts of some value. Here, at eighteen years of age, he was conspicuous for the versatility and extent of his attainments, and especially for his knowledge of some of the natural sciences.

Professor P —, a man of great austerity of bearing, but a most learned and able professor, was the father of a daughter not far from the age of Sheckerly, whose whole care and assiduous attention had been devoted for years to the wants of her invalid mother. The girl was, consequently, ever at home, except an occasional airing in the carriage with her mother, or sometimes, though seldom, when at church. Our young student had seen her at the services, sometimes, as indeed who of the students had not? for gentle Alice could not be supposed to walk up the long aisle, however downcast might be her face, however drooping her eyes, wholly unobserved by the college-boys. Indeed, Alice would have blushed deeper, and sunk her eyes lower, could she have known how many eyes watched the door, and, if she came, followed each step to the pew; or how many times her name had been spoken, though always respectfully, as the best and most surely-accepted toast at the clubs of the wild students in the old halls. I shall not attempt to give any description of her person; for if you, reader, are a young man, I am content you should regard her as very like Mary, or Clara, or whatever may be the name of her (there is surely such an one!) whom you deem all perfectness: and if you are a young lady, I can only say, she was just what you would be most jealous and envious of. Beyond this, none of the students knew any thing of the fair girl; and if her lustrous eyes sometimes looked up at the wandering scholar from the pages of his *Compendium* of Aldrich, or the less-used though more Aristotelian one of Sanderson; if some stray curl of her brown hair lightly floated across the open book, he rubbed his eyes, and turning to his *Dilemmas* and *Enthymemes*, his *toto-total* and *parti-partial* propositional forms, he hoped for the next Sunday, and forgot for the time that there lived such a person as Alice P —.

That Thomas Sheckerly was wholly free from such fancies I will not affirm, though certainly he was not more subject to them than

others, and they did not prevent a strenuous application of his powers to grave and practical studies. He had been at the college about a year when Prof. P——'s wife died; and as the summer-vacation was at hand, the father and daughter left Oxford, hoping, by a change of scene, to divert the mind and repair the somewhat exhausted constitution of Alice.

Young Sheckerly had planned the spending of his leisure weeks in a tour through Scotland, in botanical and mineralogical investigations, with an open eye to the more grand and beautiful aspects of nature, for which that country is so justly celebrated. And he expected, by his ready pencil, to catch and confine the shadow of many scenes of loveliness, for the refreshing of memory in after-days. In accordance with the scope of his design, not less than with his not over-abundant means, he purposed a pedestrian tour.

Passing over, as not material to our story, his progress in his design, or success in its accomplishment, it will suffice to find him having reached, just at evening, the little house of reception which stands on the shore of the beautiful Lake Monar, in the northern part of Scotland, in Ross-shire. Here, to his surprise, he found, as preëccupants of the house for some days, Prof. P—— and daughter. The coincidence of their meeting at a place so little frequented, so out of the way of ordinary travel, was so singular that it was with some embarrassment that he announced himself, fearing that the Professor might attribute it to design, or he knew not what Quixotic motive. But he was speedily reassured. He found that the Professor at Oxford and the Professor at Monar were beings who had little in common. At the former place, the distance between them was immense; at the latter, he felt, as the Professor, kindly taking him by the hand, presented him to his daughter, that they met on ground more natural and less embarrassed by forms. It might have been that the Professor was softened by his bereavement, and that he was more susceptible to the common interests of men. Then, too, the young man was from his home; and strangers, meeting far away from home, frequently forget the lines and terms of separation which would have bound their conduct there. Possibly, too, he might have regarded the addition of a third to the party as rendering it pleasanter for Alice, who was, he must have felt, very little like himself. Certainly, the young man was made cordially welcome, and in the remainder of the Professor's stay, he was the companion of every ramble, the sharer of every adventure, among the wild hills of the vicinity, or the islands of the lake.

Daily, the three rode together over the rough, picturesque ways, or climbed some rocky mountain's top, or floated through the dark purple shadows cast by the western heights, standing so grandly up against the glow of the evening sky. I shall narrate none of these adventures, or picture these scenes. I shall not even tell the progress of that common feeling which every one must see was the almost inevitable consequence of the intercourse of Tom and Alice. I shall only say to you, my reader, William, that it was very similar to that which made you so impatient for the hour when you were wont to steal down to the cottage where Katy was waiting at the door; and to you, Julia, that

Alice's feeling was much the same as that which made you believe the evenings of those long walks beside the willow-brook, with Harry, were really the fairest the moon ever looked upon. It's long ago, but you remember it. That is, always supposing that you, William, and you, Julia, loved in a real, frank, God-designed way, and were not sold in the shambles of *polite* matrimony.

But the days floated by; the Professor and daughter went their way, and Tom, after lingering a day or two, and becoming thoroughly disgusted with the place, found himself soon in his old room at the halls.

Tom had not expected a continuance of his familiar intercourse with the P——s, after he should return; though he hoped to see Alice sometimes, perhaps even at her home; but he was assuredly not prepared for the apparent total obliviousness of the Professor, of any other sort of intercourse between them than that which had subsisted previous to the holidays; and his fine castles in the air were annihilated to their foundations by the distant, half-reproving bow of the Professor, in response to the lifted cap of the student.

And yet there was a stone or two of the foundation left, for he did not believe Alice would have greeted him so. He was disappointed and chagrined, withal somewhat angry; and knowing no way to communicate safely with the daughter, and perhaps not being in a temper to seek one, he endeavored to bury himself in his studies and strove to forget the girl. Indeed, for several weeks, he would not attend service on Sunday. But this last phase of heroism soon gave out, and he found himself, one Sabbath, in his old seat.

Would she come? Yes; she did come. Well, Tom was very dignified, outside; but a physician, with a gold repeater with huge seals, might have detected, on examination, an acceleration of the pulse, perhaps. Would she look toward Tom's seat? Tom was very sure he did not care; but he watched, nevertheless. But when that mild hazel eye timidly stole toward the place where he sat, and paused, with a slight expression of inquiring surprise under its lids, just long enough for Tom to be conscious she *was* looking at him, his dignity all departed, and he called himself a fool and blockhead, but felt very agreeably, notwithstanding. It did not come again; but Thomas went home determined to get a note to her in some way. It is not material to say how he succeeded in his design. I cannot tell what the little white missive which came back, said. It is sufficient to know that they came often afterward. But Tom was not content; but was so bold and headstrong as to propose to see her at her home in the absence of her father. Often and positive were the refusals of this proposition, but it was importunately urged. Often and sadly did he afterward regret the importunity which at last brought a doubtful and hesitant 'yes.' Tom saw her, and though the anxious look betrayed her fears and doubts, and notwithstanding her often-repeated question, 'What if my father knew?' Tom always got from her an affirmative answer, and, whenever he could, spent an evening hour with her.

I shall in few words pass the next month, during which the Professor became aware of Tom's visits, surprised them, bitterly upbraided his daughter, refused to hear any exculpation of his child from Tom, thrust

him out with indignity as he was declaring his own the whole blame, and expelled him from college.

Tom's guardian refused to assist him, being incensed at the affair, and our student, being in a passion of shame and despair — and a letter, asking Alice's pardon, which he supposed safely delivered, being returned with contumely by the Professor — he enlisted in the army, and was speedily drafted into the — regiment, which was ordered soon after to the Cape.

The brief period of Tom's anger and despair, under the influence of which he had enlisted, was past even before the regiment left England; but he was too proud to solicit assistance from his uncle, whose last words rankled in his memory, and he had no other means of escape; so, resigning himself to the self-imposed fate, he landed, after the usual vicissitudes of a voyage, at Cape-Town.

Sir Maurice Niel, younger brother of an Irish earl, was governor of the colony, and commander-in-chief of the forces, consisting of four regiments of infantry, (the seventy-fifth, seventy-second, forty-ninth, and ninety-eighth,) with the usual complement of artillery, and the Cape mounted riflemen.

Here our young soldier found, for a time, in the strict drill and exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, ample though perhaps not the most congenial occupation, as well as opportunity to repent of the rash step he had taken. Though the bloody conflicts with the Caffres, which have stained the soil of the colony with some of the best blood of English valor, had not then been experienced, an occasional though not often very important expedition through the Caffre country, and the skirmishes and surprises with which it was generally attended, served to keep the interest of the soldiers awake, and to preserve the idea of the necessity of discipline. But the life of soldiers at a frontier station is monotonous. The same daily round of drill, the same hours of leisure, the same regulations ever in force, the same degree of liberty, and no more, granted. Tom was therefore forced to seek such interests and acquaintances as should serve to make the time pass less wearily.

My father was a minor officer in a company of the second battalion of artillery, attached, as is customary, to one of the infantry regiments of the station. The degree of education required and found in the artillery is much greater than in the line, and my father was certainly a very favorable instance of an officer of his rank. He had, too, his wife with him — the more peculiar privilege of a quota of the artillery. In addition to these circumstances, his birth-place, though he left it when but a child, was in the immediate vicinity of young Sheckerly's. It was not, therefore, singular that the young soldier was often to be found in the room of our family, which was in a part of the barracks very near the place where the regiment of Tom was quartered. Here he often spent the evening hours, narrating incidents of his previous life, or talking with my father on subjects which few of the soldiers of their rank were interested in. I was at this time nearly sixteen, and to my education the meagre advantages my father could afford were bestowed. The coming of Sheckerly was of great moment to me. His generous

nature prompted him at once to offer his assistance, and to assume the task of being my instructor. And most kindly and patiently did he perform the labor he undertook. Procuring some books from the engineering department, he taught me mathematics; nor, indeed, was he content with this, but encouraged me to make considerable proficiency in the Latin. And indeed I have never known one who could more poetically render, or with more silver tones rehearse, the thoughts and language of Virgil. It is needless to say I loved him; and he came gradually to make me the companion of his leisure hours and the confidant of his secrets.

It must not be supposed he avoided the company of his fellow-soldiers. On the contrary, he was a universal favorite — the centre of every proceeding to beguile the weary time — the moving spirit in every wild project. But chiefly he was wont to entertain the garrison of his mess with telling stories — sometimes real, sometimes spun from the tissues of his ready thoughts. Seated on a bunk, surrounded by delighted and earnest listeners, I have heard him narrate for hours the tale of Troy, and excite the credulity or wonder of the crowd at the mighty deeds of Achilles or the heroic bearing of Hector. I have seen them swell with indignation at the barbarous treatment of Andromeda, and glow with enthusiasm at the story of the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Thus the months passed, but Tom could never succeed in any promotion such as his abilities obviously suggested. He was frequently doing things which lost him any little advance he might gain.

Colonel Manners was not indisposed to assist him, and more than once was he appointed corporal, as the first step in his advancement; but, as often, some unlucky act or word of his would break him. The ambition was too petty to restrain his impulsiveness. On one of these occasions he was sent to the top of Table-Rock, at the back of the town, to signalize some vessels in the offing; but finding in the locality many things to interest his taste for plants and minerals, he remained absent four days, sleeping at night in a large cave, which was the home of an old woman, commonly reputed to be a witch. He was supposed to have been devoured by hyenas; and of course, when, at the expiration of the four days, he made his appearance at the barracks, he was deprived of his command, and in some degree punished. Things like this always occurred, though never any dereliction implying any moral delinquency, till three years had passed, and Sheckerly was still in the ranks.

We had grown more attached to each other with each day, and I had long before this learned the incidents in relation to his connection with Alice P ——. But now an unfortunate circumstance took place which destroyed our intercourse, lost me my friend, and put a termination to his life's drama.

Sergeant Balfour was post-sergeant of Captain Duncan's company, in which Sheckerly was private. Balfour was an illiterate, coarse fellow, but in the duties of his office was obliged to keep some trivial accounts, which he was little competent to do. A refusal by Tom, who did not like to associate with Balfour, of the Sergeant's request that Tom would

make up his accounts, had long before angered Balfour, and he only watched an opportunity to injure him.

It was on Thursday, October twenty-third, 1828, that, the usual time for parade being at hand, as Tom went through the barracks-yard on his way to the company's position, he took up the little child of one of the artillerymen, whose wife was leading the little fellow in the path. He was very much in the habit of playing with children, and as he tossed the red-cheeked boy he did not notice that the hands of the little urchin had left their marks upon his brass breast-plate and band. It did not, however escape the eye of Balfour, and when the regiment was drawn out, he took occasion to order Sheckerly 'to the rear.' 'For what?' was the question. 'To the rear, rascal! you are not fit for parade,' accompanying the reply with a forcible push. There was no moment for thought. Sheckerly clubbed his musket and struck the sergeant to the ground. He was, of course, instantly made prisoner, and a court-martial was ordered for the next day. Sir Maurice presided, and Colonel Manners and some inferior officers completed the tribunal. The testimony was clear; the act had been witnessed by many. An unfortunate remark made in the heat of the moment, that he was 'sorry he had not killed the sergeant,' was testified to, and his advocate, Captain Daventer, plead in vain for the prisoner. He was sentenced to be shot. At the close of the review on Saturday, the several regiments were ordered to parade at sun-rise Sunday morning, at Fort Knock, a mile and a half from Cape-Town. No explanation was given of this order, but it was understood by every one, and with heavy hearts the soldiers went to their quarters. Just at evening, having been many times repulsed in my efforts to see my friend, and being absolutely denied the privilege, I took my way down the gradual descent to the fort. An artillery sergeant's detachment was always stationed here as garrison, and my father had been in command for some weeks, so that I was readily admitted. I arose with the earliest light from my sleepless bed and went out upon the ramparts. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the spring of the Cape season. Fort Knock toward the harbor shows several lines of cannon, placed in terrace-like order, from the highest to those which sweep the water-line. The side which faces Cape-Town presents a long, high, blank wall, wholly unperforated by embrasures or relieved by projections, from the foot of which the ascent is gradual and regular up to the very base of Table-Rock, at the back of the town, around which lazily climbed the mountain-mist, like some creeping vine. At the left the Devil's-Peak lifted its conical summit thirty-three hundred feet above the water; while below, the smooth, unbroken sward stretched from the shore to the mountains, running a velvet arm up between them, down which came trickling a silver stream, like a vein. The sound of the reveille routing the soldiers from quarters came musically on the morning air as I took my seat on the wall of the rampart looking toward the town.

Soon the bugle-notes from the various quarters brought into motion the several regiments, which deployed into the open space from the town, and slowly marched down toward the fort. Having reached their destination, they were formed into a huge hollow square, the wall o

the fort representing one side, and were ordered to stand at ease, facing the centre. The band of one regiment only played low a solemn air, which seemed to go moaning round the lines. Four pioneers, blacks, advanced to a point about ten yards from the centre of the wall and began to dig a grave. All others were motionless, except when occasionally an officer rode slowly across the square.

These preparations were just complete, when the purple east flushed suddenly to a burning glow, and the edge of the sun, just peering over Table Mountain, marked the hour of six. By this time the slopes of the hills which commanded a view of the interior of the square were crowded with the people of the town — men, women, and children — who had been drawn by curiosity or sympathy to the spot. The shalgrave was dug, the pioneers returned to the ranks, the music ceased, and out of the town was seen emerging a small company. First came the band of the — regiment, followed by four black pioneers. Then came the cart, drawn by one horse, containing Sheckerly, sitting upon his coffin. Behind walked the provost-sergeant, Barthedeze, and the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Archibald, and the firing-party of twelve brought up the rear. Slowly they came on, the band playing the dead march from *Saul*. They had accomplished about half the distance when the Governor and his suite were seen leaving the town. When the company of the prisoner reached the lines, which were slightly opened to allow them to enter, Sheckerly was assisted to descend from the cart; the band took their position a little inside the square; the black pioneers took up the coffin, and preceded the prisoner, who walked between the provost-sergeant and the minister, followed by the twelve soldiers. There was weeping along the lines; stout hearts were moved; there were sobs and groans among the women on the wall around me; but the prisoner came on, clad in a red tight coat, white pants, and wearing the common regimental cap, with unfaltering step. Not a muscle betrayed emotion; only his face was pale, like a piece of marble.

The blacks deposited the coffin beside the grave, and stood one side. The young man was turned to the side of the square toward the town, and the firing-party were drawn up before him as the Governor and attendants entered and took their position at one corner of the square, most distant from the fort. An officer bearing a paper approached. For a moment a murmur of joy was heard along the ranks, for it was known that a petition, headed by Rev. Dr. Phillip, and Mr. C. E. Rutherford, an eminent merchant of Cape-Town, (I give these generous gentlemen's real names,) and signed by many of the inhabitants, had been sent in to the Governor, praying for the young man's pardon; and it was thought the officer bore the token of mercy. But, pausing near the prisoner, he read, in a clear voice, heard all along the lines, the warrant for his execution, and retired. I had watched each slightest motion of my friend, and had hoped, though foolishly, that I might catch his eye, to receive at least a look of recognition; but, of course, in vain.

The minister now approached him, and, after a few words, I saw

Thomas deliver to him, though with difficulty, for his elbows were bound, a letter or packet. After a few words more, the chaplain shook him by the hand and retired. The provost-sergeant bandaged his eyes, and assisted him to kneel beside his grave. Sir Maurice held up a white handkerchief; the sergeant raised his sword; the soldiers aimed; the handkerchief fell; Sheckerly leaped high into the air, and fell upon his coffin, a corpse,

The blacks placed the still quivering body of the poor fellow in the rude coffin and lowered it at once into the grave. The earth was quickly thrown in, and the place smoothed over level. Instantly the bands struck up a lively air, and the troops were marched, company after company, by the spot where the young man fell, and then away toward the town. Slowly and sadly the crowd of citizens went to their homes. The soldiers were kept under arms all that day, and were only disbanded late in the afternoon. The day was passed by me alone. Its result might have been seen when, after twilight, I carried a smooth stone I got from the ruins of an old fort, and set it up at the head of the even then hardly-to-be-discerned grave. Upon it, with such poor tools as I could obtain, I had rudely marked: 'Thomas Sheckerly. Twenty-two years.'

When I reached my home, late in the evening, for I had lingered long near the fatal spot, I found Mr. Archibald awaiting my return. He handed me the little packet I had seen the prisoner give him, saying, 'I promised to deliver it to your hand;' and with a word or two of friendly condolence he departed. I opened it and read:

'Cape-Town. Prison. Oct. 25, 1828.

'DEAR GEORGE: It is perhaps a foolish request I make of you; but you will, I know, for my sake, remember it. If you should ever be able, you will give what I have inclosed to *her*, and say that I repented at this hour the wrong I brought upon her; but that I did love her, that I love her still. God bless you, George! Good-bye.

'THOMAS SHECKERLY.

What he had inclosed! It was a brown curl, tied with a piece of faded ribbon. I had seen that ribbon before. Long ago, when *they* had one day been searching for flowers beside the Monar, Alice had gathered a bunch of wild violets and blue-bells, and, unloosing the band which confined her wild torrent of eddying curls, had with it tied up the flowers and given them, with a light laugh, to Tom. And holding that little token in my hand, I swore I would fulfil his last request.

Cape-Town had long been an improper place for me. I could not there accomplish what I wished and determined to do. So that it was only in accordance with a previous plan that I found myself after not many months in England. I was soon at Oxford. I went up and down the walks which my friend had known; I stood beneath the shadow of the college to which he belonged; I walked slowly past the house of the Professor, and looked curiously up at the windows. I made some cautious inquiries, and heard that Alice was — dead!

'He was very stern to the poor child after he found she was taken with a clever young student at the hall here,' said my informant, speaking of the Professor.

'Oh! the boy was driven off, and I never heard where he went,' was the reply to my question about Sheckerly. She died a year before.

Only one thing remained for me to do, and it was one difficult to accomplish; but I thought of my friend's words and determined to perform it.

Old Carnock had carried the keys of — Church for fifty years, and was a trusty, faithful old official. My duty was with him. But it was in vain that I besought, flattered, attempted to bribe, promised, mysteriously threatened; the old man was not moved. 'No, no, my young friend. That I who have carried the keys for fifty years, should now open a tomb to a wild boy, and he no kith or kin of the family: No, no; and do n't ask it.' I saw the old man was determined; and, as a last hope, I sat down beside him and told him the whole story. He remembered Sheckerly; of course he remembered Alice; and as I went on, some old, long-forgotten, long-untouched chord, far down in the old worn and time-beaten heart seemed to vibrate to a note which perhaps memory recognized; and as I concluded by telling him the simple object of my desire, a tear stole down a channel of his wrinkled face, and he said, taking me by the hand, 'Yes, my lad, I'll help you.' It was night when old Carnock, taking a huge bunch of rusty keys and a lantern, and giving me a small bar of iron, directed me to follow him. We entered the church by a small door from the rear, when, lighting the candle in the lantern, we went through the long aisles, beneath the tall pillars, behind which the shadows lurked and started as we passed. The altar seemed of a ghastly pallor, and the gilt pipes of the organ, as a feeble glimmer reached them in the far-off choir, seemed like eyes watching in the darkness. Strange forms seemed to flit among the arches as we moved, and I should have trembled if my old guide had not been so obviously oblivious of such fancies. But he had often been warder at the gate of the long home of the strong and brave, the young and lovely; had opened the portal, had shut them in. Down a few steps, and we stood beside the wall, with its row of low doors. Selecting a key, he turned back the rusty bolt with a harsh, grating sound. Applying the bar to the door, he drew it open, creaking on its corroded hinges, and, giving me the lantern, bade me enter. The air was damp, close, and earthy: it was the breath of the grave, and I shook as I looked around me upon the coffins there. It was easy to mark the order of the various dwellers in that room. The pall was dropping with decay from some of the coffins, and others were rusty and faded. It was the *last* comer I sought. And pausing a moment beside her easily-distinguished coffin, the thought of the sad unfitness of such a place for the final sleep of one so gentle and so fair, sunk bitterly to my heart. The velvet pall was still fresh and lustrous, as it hung beside it. The dust had slightly settled on its top. Upon it, above her breast, I laid — 't was but a little thing — that brown curl, bound by the faded ribbon

I had done the best I could to fulfil my friend's request.

LEON.

L I F E O N T H E O C E A N .

SENTIMENTALISTS all have a notion,
(Those who get their ideas second-hand,))
That a life on the limitless ocean
Is 'inspiring,' 'exciting,' and 'grand:'
If they only had one Cape-Horn view
Of a storm and a nautical scene,
They would wish the deep ocean-like blue
Were changed to invisible green.

A life on the fathomless deep
Is to eat, grow sea-sick, and drink;
Like old RIP VAN WINKLE to sleep,
Too indolent even to think.
When a dead-calm prevails on the ocean,
I storm like a growling old grumbler,
And with feet in perpetual motion,
Practise all the strange feats of a 'tumbler.'

One night in a terrible roll,
Like a pan-cake my *corpus* was found;
The feeling was certainly droll,
The rolling had rolled me up round!
Of my friend in the berth over-head,
The physician had hardly a hope;
He was taken out seemingly dead,
Coiled up like a huge coil of rope.

When from horrible night-mares I break,
To escape the 'blue devils' of night,
I gaze on the vessel's long wake,
That is flashing with spirits of white:
I watch the wild serpentine trail,
Standing in the dark shrouds hours together,
Or sit on the wet weather-rail,
And rail at the wind and the weather.

When I get insupportably blue,
A victim to dull melancholy,
Having nothing but nothing to do,
From the 'long-boat' I run to the 'jolly!'
When insufferably crabbed and cross,
I climb to the main-top cross-trees,
And crossing my arms, take a dose
Of grumbling as hard as I please.

Of each coming monotonous day
It is terrible even to think;
Time is only a blank on life's way,
Months into oblivion sink;
Days seem to be weeks as they fly,
Lengthened out by some magical power;
But months, when the time has passed by,
Are compressed into one listless hour.

And hence I am right in the main,
 In calling the main a delusion,
 Though it certainly was with much pain
 I was forced to this painful conclusion.
 A humbug I deem the blue ocean,
 My sentiments plainly to tell,
 For ever, like Yankees in motion,
 And eternally cutting a swell.

J. SWARTT.

North-Pacific Ocean.

A S U N D A Y I N H A V A N A .

BY H. P. LELAND.

RAYS of sun-shine fell on the stone-floor of my sleeping chamber in the Hotel de Colon. No panes of glass were there to dim their brilliance; they broke in even through iron bars set there to guard the casement. Domingo had that moment come in to wake me. I knew it was seven o'clock in the morning; for he held in one hand a cup of coffee, and in the other a plate of oranges; the one awoke, the other refreshed me. He brought me Cabañas segars, with a light. The mosquito-bars thrown aside, leaning my head on my hand, I looked out of the window lazily, dreamily, between the light-blue clouds of segar-smoke, across the harbor at the Spanish steamer 'Fernanda Catolica,' at the English man-of-war 'Boscawen,' at the American steamer 'Isabel,' and over to Regla and Casa Blanca, then up to the blue sky, and thought — hallo! mass to be performed at eight o'clock, and here I am in bed. 'Alerta!' which is a Spanish word sung by the sentinels over there in the Moro, Cabañas, and other places, meaning, 'You can't catch us asleep; here we are, wide awake!' which is a very good thing.

It being a very warm February day, I dressed in a thin linen suit, lit another segar, and started for church. Now be it known that Don Juan, the lively major-domo of the Hotel de Colon, had informed me the night before that a military mass would be performed in the morning at the church of San Ignacio, and as I had an intense desire to *do* it, I at once set out for that time-honored pile. Arrived there, I found a mass — of people, but no military. Was told to go to the church of Santa Some body; went there; found her in *dishabille*, the carpenters and masons having been tinkering at her all the week; no mass there. Made another break, and, if I remember right, in Santa Clara's holy aisles stopped. In a few minutes heard a fife and drum come marching down the lane — street they called it, or *calle* — de Luz. Soon the troops came marching in, the band of music filing off to the left-hand aisle, the soldiers to the right. Six soldiers with drawn swords walked

up the elevated platform, on which stood the altar, took their places, three on each side of the officiating priest, presented swords, and stood there — emblems, I suppose, of state upholding church.

The military band played *ravissant*, as a pretty French lady at my elbow said. In sober truth, Donizetti ought to have felt rejoiced at seeing his airs purified in such a way as they were that morning. How lovely, to bring the Borgia out from among the contaminations of the opera-house, and make her, by contact with the church, as pure as she was when alive! Yes, the music nearly undid me; I felt loose, just as if I should fall to pieces; and then the mantillaed señoras, those dark eyes and those dark — skins! for there were many negresses there, in all the adornments of rosaries and starched robes. Mass being over, I lit a segar and returned to breakfast, where a *table d'hôte*, at half-past nine, awaited me. Here, over red wine, fried eggs, bananas, plantains, partridges, beef-steaks, etc., etc., rolls and coffee, I revolved on my proceedings for the balance of the day. Rose from the table, lit a segar, and seasawed in a rocking-chair for half-an-hour, (who is the patron-saint of rocking-chairs? — bless him or her,) then lit a segar, and strolled along the *calle de Inquisidor*, on my way to the cathedral. Arrived there, entered, sauntered along the aisles, admiring every thing, till a little boy who was arranging some altar-cloths asked me 'if my mercy was not in search of the tablet to Cristoval Colon?' I told him I was. Accordingly he invited me to enter the raised platform by the main altar at the end of the church, and on the left wall was the marble stone, on which was carved the head and bust of Christopher Columbus: four lines of poetry underneath, I have forgotten. As I turned to leave the platform, there at my feet, with up-turned faces, knelt two Spanish ladies, wrapt in prayer and — black-lace mantillas; they were kneeling on a rich carpet, brought by their negro, who, gorgeous in embroidered livery, knelt a short distance from the niñas. As I silently stole from the church, I turned to catch one last look at the dark-robed, dark-eyed younger señora, and I caught her eye! What a good thing it is to be married; it removes one from so many temptations. Lit another segar, and as I turned into the *calle de Obispo*, saw José in his *volante*, waiting to be hired. One finger raised brought him and his vehicle over. 'Plaza de Toros,' said I, and started off. Now, the Plaza de Toros I shall take the liberty to freely translate bull-pit. To that interesting spot was I bound, to see a bull-fight. Lit a segar, and meditated over that noble Roman who slew a cow with his fist, and was called glad-he-ate-her.

'A Dutch lady once wrote a book,' said Neverrest, 'and she described in it a ride she took in a *volante* in Havana, remarking that she felt while in it as if 'rocked on clouds.' I felt just so, only when I got beyond Monserrate, it seemed as if thunder and lightning were mixed up with the nebulous matter. Lit another segar, and arrived at the Plaza de Toros; every thing wore a shut-up look to it. Asked a man at the door when the *Funcion de Toros* came off? He said it had been postponed till the next day. Determined not to be out-done, and knowing there were no more churches open, I shouted to the *volante*, driver, 'Vallo de Gallos!' and the little shuffle-trotting horse, with his

tail plaited and tied to the saddle, and his mane cut off short and standing up like the ruff to Sir Charles Grandison's shirt, set off with the greatest pleasure, while José, having lit a segar, settled himself in saddle, and on rolled the *volante*, tip and siftering along as comfortable as Punch. The *Vallo de Gallos*, in the vernacular, means a cock-pit, and ten minutes' riding brought me to the door or entrance to what seemed a little, old, narrow, neglected summer-garden, with a board fence, to protect it from the weather. Two *reales fuertes* gave me the freedom of the cock-pit, and in I went, walked a few steps, and saw a round building made of boards, open on all sides, with a roof to it. One tier of seats rose above another, while over all, reached by two flights of steps, one each side of the main entrance, a gallery with railing, over which you could lean and look down into the cock-pit. Before I clambered into a seat, I 'took a look,' but saw nothing save a thick forest of legs—not black, but white—linen pantaloons being the order of the day. Determined to see the heads of the people, scrambled up between a lot of legs, lit a segar, and the next minute was 'stunned!' Now, I don't possess any great powers of translation, so I'll only *try* to render the Spanish into English. Suppose, for an instant, about four hundred men, including a sprinkling of boys, working both arms, as if they were exercising a fire-engine, shouting at the same time, at the top of their voices, 'Go it, Top-knot! Hurrah for Blanco! Four to one on Blanco! Hit him again, old fellow! Well struck! Three ounces on Blanco! Now he's got him! Down again! Viva Blanco, *vi-i-va!* Caramba, Top-knot! Viva!—while all the time the two cocks, game to the back-bone, are pitching into each other, and rendering themselves mutually unfit for any more fights. But a decisive blow from Blanco upsets Top-knot. Time was called; he could n't come up, spite of the *aguardiente* blown into his wounds. The bell rang; the betters came down into the pit to settle up; and I, scrambling down, walked over to the adjoining pit, a smaller out-door building, where another fight was coming off, to the great delight and intense satisfaction of a smaller audience. Saw it out; and then lighting a segar, returned to the large pit, where a very interesting battle had just commenced: it lasted about an hour, and the agony of suspense was piled up immensely before the victor was proclaimed. Lit another segar, and having discovered among the crowd of *jipi-japa* hats a wide-awake felt tile, knew there was one of *los Yankees* there, and turning over, found Neverrest of Boston, looking as if he scented afar off the church-bells of New-England; we spoke of dinner, and at once left the cock-pit for the hotel. Arrived there, performed a toilette, and at three o'clock sat down to dinner. It being over, walked out to the *sala*, took a cup of coffee, lit a segar, and was at peace. There I staid till my watch warned me that it was half-past four. The grand parade came off at four o'clock! Took a *volante* to drive to *Campo Marte*, and in a few minutes was at the *Paseo de Isabella Segunda*. Found out that the troops would pass the Tacon Theatre, lit a segar, and so went up stairs to the billiard-room, in the second story, front of the theatre, and got a good place at one of the windows. In a few minutes, a military band, playing a

march from '*La Fille du Regiment*,' came by; then soldiers, infantry, dressed in dark-blue field uniform, marching quick step. One company after another passed, more music, then a sprinkling of cavalry, then a company of 'nigger' soldiers; and bringing up the rear, a number of mules, each one with a cannon, wheels and all, on their backs. What an idea! — mule-guns! There were about four thousand soldiers on parade. After they had passed, I 'assisted' at a little fight in a neighboring *café*, then lighting another *segar*, took a *volante*, and was rolled and rocked along the *Paseo*, looking at the beautiful bonnetless señoras, as they drove by in *quitrines*, with one or two horses, resplendent with silver buckles, and a negro postilion, gorgeous in embroidery, top-boots, and ditto same as horses, silver buckles. The *niñita* or prettiest señora occupies a seat in advance of the other two ladies, and thus these brunette triads roll by, settling on you starry glances (fixed stars!) Got up an innocent flirtation, lit a *segar*, and drove to the Tacon Theatre, to see Beneventano in '*Don Giovanni*,' or as the play-bills read, '*Don Juan Tenorio*.' Magnificent building inside; kept scrupulously neat and clean; has five tiers of boxes; the front of each tier, to a height of about three feet, having an open-work iron-railing, allows a view of the audience, the ladies' skirts, and occasionally a little Cinderella slipper peeps out. The parquette very large, and seats convenient of access, with arms and stuffed-leather cushions. I had a seat in it, with ticket marked, 'Y. 146,' Y standing for *Yzquierda*, left hand; and there I sat over the left, and gazed my fill at the splendid forms and swimming eyes of the *Habaneras*, occasionally looking up at the *galleria*, filled with female affections, and thinking how different it was from the *Vallo de Gallos*! Neverrest said the stage-curtain was a splendid work of art, and that the scene on it represented Columbus at the battle of Palo Alto! The Captain-General, Concha's box, was in the first tier, at the extreme right, and there he sat with Madame. I liked his face; that of the Señora Concha was attractive, from its very sadness. But the curtain rises. Steffanone, Salvi, Beneventano! — how pleasant it is to see again these old familiar faces. '*Don Giovanni*' is well produced; a full orchestra; complete chorus; and then is n't Beneventano lordly when he extends the invitation to supper?

But all things must end. The opera is over. Neverrest suggests our attending a masked-ball at 'Sebastopol' — a very ball-giving name, isn't it? I light a *segar*. One must finish the day.

Toward day-light, under the soft light of fading stars, and under the lofty palms, and by the fountain on the *Pasco*, I light another *segar*. The cool air carries off all the heated, perfumed air of the ball-room; and — Sunday is going — gone! *Adios*!

Havana, February 11, 1855.

HERE AND HENCEAFTER.

Time flies apace! — in ceaseless race,
Man hurries to the tomb:
In bliss or woe ere long to know
His everlasting doom.

Then let thy heart, whoe'er thou art,
To Wisdom's voice incline.
Use well this hour, while in thy power —
The next may not be thine.

M Y D A U G H T E R .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

PALE and silent HARRIET lies!
 Folded hands and veiled eyes —
 Passed from me up to the skies,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

If an angel hither came,
 Dwelling in a mortal frame,
 Thine the blessed spirit's name,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Scarce a score of years had run,
 In number lacking only one;
 Time with her so early done!
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Firstling of our household band,
 To appear in Glory's land,
 Still I clasp her wasted hand,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

'Mid the many cares of day,
 Pressing through them as I may,
She goes with me all the way —
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Smiling from the glory-cloud,
 Clad in light instead of shroud,
 I behold her in the crowd,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Wakeful on my bed at night,
 She is present to my sight,
 In her look of love and light,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

If 't were fitting she should go,
 Should I weakly answer, 'No!'
 Though it were a bitter woe?
 My daughter — O my daughter!

'Let Thy will be done!' I say,
 In my sorrowful dismay;
 This the daily prayer I pray —
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1855.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST: a Tale of but few Incidents and no Plot in Particular: With Other Legends. By the Author of 'A Stray Yankee in Texas.' In one volume: pp. 258. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THERE is a plentiful supply of lively description of nature and character in this little book; a good deal of bustling and diversified adventure; and not a little humor. We will state its faults (or what are its faults to *our* conception) first, and then all the rest will be plain sailing. The author sometimes 'crowds his compositions,' as the artist's phrase is, too full of objects and events, among which not a few are too trivial for introduction; while his propensity for punning leads him into word-hunting, which in three or four instances diverts the reader's interest from a graphic scene or incident 'then and there' being portrayed. Let us cite two examples. In a 'bit' of capital description, this string of puns is 'lugged in by ear and horn': 'When HARRY spoke of vast quantities of *'blubber,'* the old man imagined that if the whale was really guilty of any such effeminacy, he must be a Prince of *Wails* indeed. The '*spouts*' he deemed only some of HARRY'S '*blowing*'; the '*sea-lion*' passed with him for a tall specimen of *sea-lying*; and the '*seals*' sealed the young sailor's fate.' So also the pun upon the word 'opportunity,' as parsed by the 'pretty girl of fifteen;' it is not only not new, but a pleasant narrative is interrupted to admit it out of its place. But let all this pass: the book has merits enough to outweigh a score of such blemishes. Read the annexed 'argument' why 'Long-Island' rejoices in a very appropriate designation:

'LENGTH is its internal peculiarity, as well as external characteristic; every thing in it is long; the men eat long, drink long, and sleep long; the stages, before the innovations of the rail-road, were universally known as Long-Island rope-walks, and performed long journeys with long-winded horses, terminating (not journeys, but horses) in long tails. They carried long lists of long-legged passengers, generally from twenty to thirty—not in age, but in number—who longed to be at their journey's end long before they arrived there.

'The news of the day is a long time indeed in travelling down upon Long-Island. 'A great fire in New-York, and a great loss of life,' as the news-boy hath it; a steam-boat disaster or rail-road collision, and no body to blame; the elopement of Mrs. SO-AND-SO with her husband's dear friend, or of Miss WHAT'S-HER-NAME with her father's footman; the demise of SMITH BROWN, Esq., the eminent and wealthy butcher, or the birth of another VICTORIAN juvenile, under the conjoined auspices of LOCOCK and LILLY, and other equally important and pleasing items, are telegraphed to New-Orleans and St. Louis, and forwarded by express half-way to Mexico or Santa Fe del Norte, long ere the people of sleepy Long-Island rub their eyes, until a state of semi-wakeful-

ness being attained, they slowly open and prick up their ears to drink in the — to them — fresh intelligence.

'If the Long-Islanders have any prominent and peculiar idiosyncrasy, it is the saltiness of their habits; nor is it singular that this should be the case. Breathing from earliest infancy an air impregnated with saline exhalations, they naturally turn their attention to the ocean and its products. It is said, and I see no reason for doubting it, that the protruding neck of a soft-shelled clam is as efficient an agent in quieting the yells of an infantile and refractory Long-Islander, as ever was the bit of rag crammed with brown sugar, with which ordinary nurses are wont to fill the mouths and still the troubled bosoms of more inland urchins, when the results of a slap on the sly may have compelled the attendants to stop the repeated squalls, and perchance lie too, as to the cause of them.

'The Long-Islander, therefore, from the first, takes to the water as naturally as a spaniel; he digs long clams with long-handled hoes, fishes up oysters with long-handled rakes, shoots ducks at long distances with preposterously long guns; cuts long salt grass for his long-tailed horses and long-eared mules; catches fish to manure his fields with long seines; perchance ships for a voyage, but it is always a long one, after whales; and after a long life, is carried to his long home in a long two-horse wagon, followed by a long concourse of friends and neighbors.'

'Captain JOB' is 'a character;' but we shall let the 'Stray Yankee' depict him; simply premising that he is, at this time, a kind of two-legged 'Long-Island Express,' (as if any thing could be termed an '*express*' in that 'slow' but pleasant region!) who has all sorts of jobs and errands to do in the metropolis, and whose system of keeping accounts, it seems, is the *Mnemonic*, by 'double entry.'

'CAPTAIN JOB was what is vulgarly known as a 'pig-headed man;' nay, he was not only pig-headed, but exceedingly passionate. The original JOB was all over boils, but our specimen boils all over — with rage — at least twenty-four times in every twenty-four hours. It could scarcely be said with propriety that his education had been neglected, for he had received none to neglect. He could neither read nor could he write; and what would have been very singular in any other less singular being, he was singularly proud of the want of knowledge, usually deemed of such importance. JOB considered it as proof of his exceeding cleverness that he had got on so well in the world, despite his deficiencies. As he had many commissions to perform in the city, and also sold there, for account of whom it might concern, vast quantities of poultry and country meats, mountains of oysters and clams, and great loads of hay and grain, it became necessary for him to keep some account of his various transactions; and accordingly he employed a system of hieroglyphics peculiarly his own, which, however, would have puzzled CHAMPOLION himself. Dollars he designated by a large cipher, shillings by smaller ones, and the copper medallions of the Goddess of LIBERTY figured only as so many marks.

'His customers were represented by some leading characteristic, mental, physical, or professional. A saw stood for his friend the carpenter, a most emphatic nose for one of his customers — a second NASE — and something like a clenched fist was supposed to represent a particularly pugnacious individual who dealt in clams.

'The articles that he bought or sold were entered in a like manner, and when MARY was at home to take down his rude accounts in a more every-day manner, while they were yet fresh in his mind, all went well enough; but if she happened to be absent on his return, and the transactions of another voyage had driven those of the previous out of his head, sometimes ludicrous blunders would occur. A man was once charged by him for the purchase of a couple of hoes and a rake, which he stoutly denied, and JOB's litigious spirit would have soon involved the affair in the entanglements of the law, if the creditor's wife had not suggested that she had received two pipes and a long comb about the time, and that these might possibly be the articles charged. So it proved to be, and JOB, for once in his life, was forced to submit.'

'They *do* say,' but with how much truth we cannot state, that at one time, on a certain rail-road hereabout, there was a regular company, which made astounding dividends, whose business it was to recover from the rail-road corporation the value ('with costs') of all the cows which, having survived their lacteal usefulness, could be driven upon the rails when a train was about to pass. A later law, however, put an end to the profits of this 'regular business;' and thereafter it was astonishing how few cattle were

run over by the locomotives! Here is a Long-Island case, quite *apropos* to the present state of things:

'THE only sign of vitality that has been exhibited for years, was elicited by the attempt to wake them up with a rail-road. They were as spiteful about it as a man would be if driven from his bed before his nap is half-finished. They tore up the track, placed impediments in the way of the cars, and what serious mischief they might have done is yet unknown, had not the unusual fatigue of thinking and acting so overpowered them that they all fell to sleep again, quite as suddenly as they were awakened.

'The south-siders, probably owing to their accustomed clam-diet, were particularly clamorous, while the north-siders, who were brought up upon oysters, in imitation of that prudent variety of the molluscae family, kept very close indeed. The east-enders being extensively engaged in the oil-trade, talked loudly of giving the company generally 'a whaling'; the fishermen acted as if in-sane themselves; and, in short, never was there so much railing about a road.

'Some say that a natural dislike to disturb the sleepers alone saved the track from utter destruction; others attribute its present existence to the fear of a certain shrewd president, who out-generated them at every turn. My opinion, however, is, that if they could have kept their eyes open long enough, their own bulls, and those of Wall-street, would have suffered less than they have.

'The president that I have just mentioned was, as I once heard an Islander remark, 'considerably ahead of *their* time;' and an instance of his management is worth recording. When Mr. BLANK assumed the presidential control, it was in a dark day indeed. Acres of woodland, fields of grain, houses and barns had been consumed by the locomotive sparks, and cattle without number destroyed upon the track. Demands against the company and impending law-suits were more numerous than agreeable.

'One day, a farmer made his appearance at Mr. BLANK's office. He was the champion of his neighborhood, and had come down to enforce payment for a valuable pair of oxen, suddenly converted into jerked beef by the iron-horse. Our farmer entered the office as bold as a lion:

'I want pay for my cattle you killed last Saturday,' said he.

'Your cattle!' inquired Mr. BLANK: 'were those your cattle that were killed?'

'Mighty apt to be,' returned the farmer, 'and I want two hundred dollars for them.'

'And I,' said Mr. BLANK, 'want proof. You must make an affidavit of the particulars, and then we will come to a settlement.'

'Right willingly did the farmer assent, but when the instrument was properly drawn up, signed, and authenticated, Mr. BLANK turned to him with:

'Now, Sir, I want two hundred dollars from *you*.'

'From *me*?' exclaimed the amazed rustic.

'Yes, Sir, from *you*,' reiterated the president. 'Here I have proof, under your own hand, that your cattle were, contrary to law, upon the track, and thereby our engine was damaged to the extent of two hundred dollars. Are you prepared to settle the affair amicably, or must I proceed legally?'

'The farmer spake no word, but rushed open-mouthed from the office, sought his wagon, and upon reaching his home, advised his friends generally to pocket their grievances, or worse would come of it. From that day few demands were made upon the road.'

Much as we should have extracted, had we received the work at an earlier period, we are content to leave it with the reader, confident that the passages we have quoted will indicate its attractive character. One thing we would venture to suggest to the author, and that is, that in a simple narrative, or simple description, the employment of simple terms is in decidedly the best taste, 'simply' because it is *natural*. A dog's drooping tail may be a 'depressed termination,' but it is only a drooping dog's tail, 'after all's said and done.' 'You may call a water-proof hat,' says YELLOWPLUSH, the immortal 'JEEMS,' in his letter to a modern English dramatist, of the ornamental school, a 'swart sombrero,' a 'glossy four-and-nine, to storm impermeable,' and all that; but as it *is* a hat, would n't it p'raps be as well to call it a hat?' But enough. The book is well printed, and will achieve the popularity which we predict for it.

A THIRD GALLERY OF PORTRAITS. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. In one volume: pp. 468. New-York: SHELDON, LAMPORT AND BLAKEMAN.

OUR readers, or at least some of them, will remember the opinion we expressed of the intellectual 'gifts' of the pretentious author of the volume before us, in a review of his 'Bards of the Bible.' How it has been possible for him to publish more than *one* book, passes our comprehension; but he has kept on writing, and in the old way; a style of the utmost pomposity—inflated, inelegant, often ungrammatical, and always intolerable. We regard GILFILLAN as a *literary hack* of the very sorriest description. He has not a particle of genius, and even his talent is entirely mechanical. He makes books as a shoe-maker makes a shoe. All he wants is 'the stuff,' and precious poor stuff it is, generally, at the best. Yet, to judge from his prefaces, one can see that he fancies Scotland has not produced such another 'genius' for many a long year; and thank PATIENCE, she has n't, to our knowledge. We quite agree with a good contemporary critic, who says: 'The Dumfries parson always records his opinion of the last topic he has considered, like the school-boy who stuffs his thesis with quotations from his latest class-book: He sees fit to change his views pretty often: what he approves as good or wonderful in a man of genius to-day, appears like an ugly black spot to him on the morrow. In fact, in the course of his literary career he has changed his views on so many subjects, and with respect to so many illustrious individuals, that his verdict on any subject is not worth having. Yet, let us be thankful that we have a GILFILLAN. It is good not to despise little things. The fly, in the fable, sat in judgment on the sculptor's master-piece, and why should not Mr. GILFILLAN decide upon the merits of COLERIDGE, BURKE, MACAULAY, THACKERAY, POE, EMERSON, CARLYLE, BUNYAN, MIRABEAU, and SHAKESPEARE? Mr. GILFILLAN, it is true, condemns some of these great men; thinks small beer of MACAULAY, for example, and calls POE a 'Yankee Yahoo;' but then, remember that the fly condemned the great sculptor's work, and thought small beer of the sculptor. Again we say, let us be thankful that we have a GILFILLAN. There is no book so foolish, observes CARLYLE, but that a still more foolish reader can be found to derive some advantage from it.' The *Daily Times* adds:

'An article in this 'Third Gallery,' which would have attracted considerable attention from American readers, if it had been written by any other person than Mr. GILFILLAN, is a review of EDGAR A. POE. A more infamous thing has seldom been written. We are constrained to admit that POE was a bad man; but his Scotch accuser deliberately tells us that he was an incarnate fiend; 'a combination,' to use the critic's own words, 'of the fiend, the brute, and the genius; one of the Gadarene swine, filled with a devil;' 'a heartless scoundrel;' 'a cool, calculating blackguard,' who had 'absolutely *no* virtue or good quality.' 'He had SATAN substituted for soul.' 'He died as he had lived, a raving, cursing, self-condemned, conscious cross between the fiend and the genius; believing nothing, hoping nothing, loving nothing, fearing nothing; himself his own god and his own devil; a solitary wretch who had cut off every bridge that had connected him with the earth around and the heavens above;' and so on through the whole article. We repeat, that if this precious piece of Billingsgate had

been written by any other man than the Rev. Mr. GILFILLAN, it would have been a proper subject for rejoinder. In point of style, this volume is a slight improvement on the writer's previous works. The tinsel is a little less evident, though there is enough of it left to disgust any man of the least pretension to correct taste. GERALD MASSEY, for instance, is 'a giant under Etna;' he writes with 'a red-hot-poker-pen;' he has undergone 'ages of experience;' his earnestness 'burns in fierce, exaggerated, volcanic forms;' he is 'an incarnation of the evil genius of Poetry.' DISRAELI has 'a great, glittering star suspended in the sky of his soul.' Hundreds of instances as bad or worse than these might be quoted, but we find nothing *quite* so bad as that remark on EMERSON in the *Second Gallery*, that he 'had left the pulpit, that he might swing to-and-fro upon the rainbow of eternity!' Our readers will gather from these remarks that we do not think very highly of Mr. GILFILLAN's literary and critical abilities. We do not. We regard him as vain and superficial to an extreme. He is a literary mountebank: his student-cloak is only a ragged harlequin-jacket, trimmed with span-gles. In point of style, he is perhaps the most vicious of any living writer: his criticism is of the most common-place kind, as far as discrimination and justice are concerned; and his arrogance is only equalled by his absurdity.'

To all which we say, 'Amen!' This opinion is held, too, we perceive, by the best literary authorities in England, whom the conceited author denounces in his preface as enemies in 'cliques and coteries.' But we are wasting time and space on a very indifferent subject.

SUCCESS IN LIFE: THE ARTIST. By MRS. L. C. TUTHILL. In one volume: pp. 177. New-York: JAMES C. DERBY. Cincinnati: HENRY W. DERBY.

THIS little volume, we take it, will be much sought after by artists. Its object is to inculcate lessons by which they may profit, and by which, moreover, if properly conned, they *will* profit. The painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the engraver are the 'artists' who are shown in this book as beacon-lights, both to encourage and to warn the young who have received the gift of genius. 'The language of Art,' says the author, 'is universal. The memorials of genius are the rich heritage of every age and of every clime. The magic fountain from which the gifted have ever imbibed inspiration is not exhausted. NATURE is still the same bountiful mother, and the soul of man still strives for a closer alliance with its divine CREATOR. Our country is ripe for art. Our painters are already a goodly company. The materials with which the sculptor and architect are to gain imperishable renown are scattered with luxurious profusion over our wide land, and our artists have made the stone speak, and are imperishable in marble.' We have the heads, 'The Childhood,' and 'The Youth' of the artist; of 'warnings,' 'encouragements;' of 'science,' 'general knowledge,' 'history,' 'study of the best models,' 'study of nature,' etc.; together with remarks on 'poetry,' 'portrait-painting,' 'manhood and domestic life of the artist,' reasons for becoming one, and for having 'high aims' in art. Sketches of the histories and early struggles of many American and European painters and sculptors are given; and the result is a work of interest and instruction in a condensed and readable form. It is written in a plain, unambitious style, and is well presented in its externals of paper and print.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES: 'BORROBOOLA GHA.'—In copying, in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, the lines from the '*Albany Atlas*' daily journal, entitled '*Borroboola Gha*,' we had no intention of condemning missions. We never attended a church in our life where a missionary collection was taken up, without contributing our mite to aid the cause. The lines in question we supposed to embody, as *facts*, what the writer described, and as such to justify the remark with which we accompanied them: namely: 'That 'charity which begins at home' will suggest to the heedful reader, in such seasons of destitution as these upon which we have fallen, that our own poor, whom we 'have with us always,' should not be forgotten, while we also remember the 'ends of the earth.' The reverend friend who addresses us the following has himself a 'hand open as the day to melting charity,' and practises what he preaches: doing good for the *sake* of doing, and not merely to win the applause of men:

'MY DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: I confess myself surprised and grieved that you should repeat the stale sarcasm (from which the little wit it had in DICKENS' hands has long since been rubbed off by flippant use) against those who give money for missions of Christianity to distant heathen, as though they neglected the poor at home. If the charge were true, they would richly deserve the ridicule and the condemnation; for the same LORD, who died for the salvation of the world, while HE was on earth, went about HIS native Judea and neighboring Samaria, doing good. But it is not true. The very men and women, whom you reproach for obeying their MASTER's command to send the Gospel to every creature, are, with rare exceptions, the people whose hearts, and hands, and purses are most open to the wants and sorrows of the needy. Take the subscription-lists of the charitable societies and of missionary societies, and you will find a majority of the same names on both. Take the men most active in the noble association for the systematic relief of the poor in New-York, or other Christian cities, and they are men who sustain Christian missions most liberally. The admirable women, who manage with such untiring zeal our asylums for the orphans, the widows, the aged, the outcast, are, I venture to say, all of them contributors to Christian missions. Who went first into that region of the shadow of death, the Five-Points, and shed the light of mercy on the vile and hopeless, but advocates of Christian missions? When a sudden calamity demands immediate contributions for sufferers, (like that in Hague-street, for instance,) to whom and by whom is the appeal made, but to churches that maintain and preachers who advo-

cate missions to the heathen? And what churches give most liberally, at home, but those who give most liberally to foreign missions? You do not go to jockey-clubs, or ball-rooms, or regattas at such times; but where you know that the spirit of the Gospel has inspired love to our neighbors as ourselves.

'Blame us not, then, if, after remembering the poor at home, not less liberally, perhaps, than yourself, we prefer to spend some little more, not in shows, and festivals, and spectacles, but in sending the religion, which is our most precious enjoyment, among those who have no Bible, and no Sabbath, and no hope of heaven!

'You will admit, that where Christianity lives, the arts, and comforts, and virtues of life most abound; that a true Christian cannot be barbarous or cruel, or even unkind: why, then, reproach us for an endeavor to send Christianity, the teacher of love, and mercy, and gentleness, to the degraded, the ignorant, and the sensual, in whatever land they live, or whatever be the color of their skin? Because we love our neighbor at home, must we forget our LORD's lesson, in HIS parable of the Samaritan, that every man is our neighbor?

'How have we received Christianity — we who live on the other side of the world in a land unknown when JESUS died, but from missionaries? And is it not just, to say nothing of generosity, that we should 'give freely as we have received?' Indeed, how can we be followers of JESUS, and disobey HIS parting command, to 'go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST?'

'It is the fashion to talk lightly of such missions, as if they had done nothing or but little for mankind; yet, setting aside religious progress, do you not know, dear KNICKERBOCKER, that the triumphs of the missionary, even in human science, are unparalleled by any other agency? At the beginning of the present century the known languages of the world, (those reduced to grammar and translation,) were only one or two over *forty*; now, the Scriptures are published by the Bible Society, chiefly through the labors of missionaries, in nearly a *hundred and fifty* spoken languages. Where else is there such a treasure of philology? When, a few years since, the way was opened for treaties with China, and Great Britain and our own country sought to get the advantage, where did they look for the tongues and pens that could speak for them with that strange nation in their unique language? To the universities or the legislative halls? No. PARKER, the medical missionary, who had spent half his life in healing the sick and preaching the Gospel on the shore of that empire, was our interpreter; and MORRISON, the son of the man who went there fifty years ago, and translated the Bible and made a Chinese dictionary, was the interpreter of Great Britain; and, if I mistake not, France was indebted for a similar service to a missionary. When WELLS WILLIAMS, the American missionary printer, was, a few years ago, in Paris, the French *savans* pronounced him the first synologist in the world. The Geographical Society of Paris (I forget its exact title) some few years since publicly recorded a vote, declaring, that by far the greatest share of their special branch of knowledge had sprung from missionary zeal: nor can you trace the history of any people, since the Christian Era, without seeing the missionary most active in beneficial revolutions, if not the earliest authority for authentic facts. A friend of mine once undertook to prepare a paper *On the Contributions of Missionaries to Science*, (meaning particularly those relating to natural history,) that he might read it before the American Philosophical Society, but abandoned the task, because he could not give a bare catalogue of mere specimens in less than more than one bulky volume. And all this is to be sneered at, under DICKENS' extravagant fable of Borroboola Gha, (or whatever the absurd word be,) and the making of flannel night-caps for little negroes.

'O dear KNICKERBOCKER! follow not the multitude to do evil at such a rate. Be just, and allow us our luxury of keeping the poor and pitying the heathen at the same time. The fact is, you know better; for I put it to your candor if those whom you recognize among your friends as favoring Christian missions are unkind or uncharitable to any body.'

ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'CAMP-COMFORT.'—We have received two more sketches from our fair correspondent in the northern woods and mountains. It needs but half an eye, our readers will perceive, to see that what *she* sees *they* see. She has no reservations, no exaggerations. What she thinks she speaks; and what she describes, we venture to think, are originals, of which we have authentic 'pen-and-ink drawings.' We annex the first letter:

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake, September, 1854.

'MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: I do really wish you could take a seat at our dinner-table some day. I can't say, 'put your feet under our mahogany;' for alas! it's only pine; but when it's well spread with our forest dainties, I assure you we pay little heed to that. We rather pride ourselves upon our dinners, and in fact, I think them one of the pleasantest features in this forest-life of ours. I never enjoyed a dinner at the Sr. NICHOLAS, as I do our meals up here in the wilderness. We usually dine at five o'clock, and no matter how engrossing the sport, how agreeable the company, or entertaining the book, no one ever thinks of neglecting the dinner-hour. We are not very exacting about the toilet, yet there is always great washing of hands, smoothing of hair, and regulating of hunting-shirts; and usually a little friendly squabbling among the gentlemen for the use of the three-cornered bit of glass, which serves us for a mirror; and then comes a rush for seats, not because there is any scarcity of stools, (chairs, we have *none*,) but that some of them possess but *three legs*, and however well they might answer for an angry wife to comb her husband's hair with, they do not make the most agreeable seats, particularly when, as in our case, the legs differ in length. However, this serves as a convenient excuse when any of the party happen to get 'under the table.'

'We do not believe much in table-cloths; but our crockery is the pride of our hearts and the object of our universal and unbounded admiration. In all my travels at home and abroad, I never saw any thing like it. Variety seems to be its distinguishing characteristic, there being no two articles of the same kind, color, or description in the whole set! But what matters that? Is n't your coffee just as good out of a white cup and a blue saucer, even if you do have to stir it with a fork or a table-spoon, as it would be, if served in DELMONICO'S best style? Well, my friends up here evidently think so, by the rapidity with which it vanishes. We do not indulge in coffee after dinner, however, but refresh ourselves with a certain liquid called champagne, deeming it more salubrious after the heat and fatigue of the day, than that stimulating beverage. Mirth and good-humor prevail at these entertainments, every body seems to enjoy the freedom from restraint, and we all join in voting white-gloved waiters nuisances, when it is so much more convenient to empty your cup on the ground, and throw the fish-bones over your shoulder. I think that you, who have such a keen relish for such things, would enjoy the good things which we *said*, quite as much as those which are *eaten* at our table. There must be some inspiration in this mountain-air; for *every body*

says good things, and funny things, and witty things; and I often leave the table exhausted with laughter.

'The other afternoon, just as the gentlemen were lighting their after-dinner segars to assist their digestions, our solitude was interrupted by the approach of a party of Indians. Did you ever see an Indian, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER? I mean a real live wild Indian! Well, I have, plenty of them, and they are not at all the sort of thing I fancied them to be; and I must confess they do not at all come up to the romantic notions I had formed of them. Perhaps civilization does not agree with them; for they are certainly very different from the stately warriors that Cooper so glowingly described, and I candidly confess that my ideas of the red men were formed from his novels. The party in question were out on a hunting expedition, and seemed quite as much astonished at encountering us, as we were at the sight of them. The appearance they presented as one after another emerged from the forest, was decidedly fantastic. Their costumes were a strange mixture: half-civilized and half-savage. Deer-skin hunting-shirts, leggings, and moccasins, embroidered with beads and porcupine-quills, with such skill and taste as to throw quite into the shade those wonderful master-pieces of German wool and floss-silk, on which our fashionable ladies and boarding-school misses bestow so much time and attention. Their long black hair hung in elf-locks on their shoulders — just, think of an Indian warrior with hair like a woman's! — and then they had *hats* on yes, actually straw hats! O shade of UNCAS! if from thy lodge in the happy hunting-grounds, thou couldst look down upon such a spectacle, methinks thou wouldst rejoice, that thou wert indeed 'the last of the Mohicans!'

'They did not allow us much time for wonder or contemplation, however, but in a jargon composed of bad English and worse French, they eagerly demanded something to eat, and quickly availed themselves of the permission which we gave them to help themselves from the table we had just vacated. Trout, venison, bread, and potatoes were devoured with most astonishing rapidity, and what they could not dispose of in this way they slyly tucked under their blankets! They then pointed to the empty bottles, and quietly requested some 'whiskey.' At this we shook our heads, to indicate that we had none, and they proceeded towards the cabin as though they intended to ascertain for themselves; and when we objected to this polite overture on their parts, they contented themselves by examining the rifles, knives, and fishing apparatus which lay around, with the eager curiosity of children. After a while, seeing there was nothing to be gained by remaining, they picked up their traps, and without so much as a *grunt* of thanks for our hospitality, went their way into the forest. The chilliness of the evening air makes us glad to seek the shelter of our cabin now, and we love to gather round the fire and enjoy a cozy chat. The buffalo-skins are brought out to serve for couches, and then by the cheerful blaze of the pine logs, we sit and talk for hours, of home and absent friends; and we laugh as we think of their astonishment could they but see us in our forest domicile. The old hunters often entertain us with stories of their adventures; hair-breadth escapes from bears, wolves, and panthers, all of which abound in this forest. To-night, instead of listening to their stories, I have been writing to you; but now a friend at my elbow suggests, that it is about time I favored them with my company. I must beg you to make due allowance for the circumstances under which this is written; a claret-box serving me for a table, and two candles stuck in champagne-bottles, for an illumination! That excuse will do for the manner, and as for the matter, all I can say is, that the neighborhood of a dozen hunters chattering like so many monkeys, is not very inspiring for composition: and so good night!

Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

'ETHICS OF COMMON-SENSE.'—Said we not well, in introducing to our readers the initial paper of this series, that the correspondent to whose fertile mind and facile pen we are indebted for them, was a 'keen observer and a rare humorist'? Very suggestive were two of his present themes to us, as we ran over his manuscript: the thoughts 'On Sympathy,' and the 'Literary Bore.' Do you remember the man — no offence to our New-England friends, but he *was* a wealthy 'deōwn-easter — who attended one of LOUIS PHILIPPE's public leveés; and when the KING passed, in making the circuit of the splendid reception-room, said in reply to the monarch's bow, and 'How-do-you-do?' greeting in English — for he liked to show his knowledge of the language: 'Well, I ain't so well as I was — I think the water here do n't agree with me. I have had pains in my beōw —' The KING passed on, while the guests in the ranks were well-nigh convulsed with laughter. As touching the 'Literary Bore, we have only *this* to say, that we have had some experience in *that* kind: and whenever any one insists upon *reading* any article, in prose or verse, to us, we respectfully decline. We have some acquaintance with manuscript, and can *read* it, generally, as well as the author; and what is more, we can *judge* of it much better when alone in the sanctum, where we can scan it closely, than in hearing it read twenty times over. True, we *have* correspondents whom we love to hear read their articles in manuscript; but then it is because we 'know what's coming,' and that it will be a delight to listen to it. But we are keeping the reader from the 'Ethics:'

V.

ON ECCENTRICITY.

'It is a common mistake that greatness is allied to eccentricity. Hence it is imagined vainly that eccentricity implies greatness. Whereupon certain poetasters and others of that ilk affect certain queernesses of dress or demeanor to draw attention to themselves by what they consider the costume of genius. Not content with being little poets, they seem to be ambitious of becoming little puppets. As TUPPER shrewdly says, in his 'SOLOMON Solemnified:'

'Better to be a harlequin, and stared at, than a wise man, and excite no notice at all.'

'This I have observed from my windows, and in my brown study have noted it well.

'True, TUPPER! That is the opinion of the class of persons whom we both have in our eye. But they hold mistaken views. Greatness is not allied to eccentricity. It *is* eccentricity. It is like a comet, and it sweeps about in cycles, not in little circles. It baffles calculation. It may return in a hundred years, or it may not. We cannot tell until we have studied out its law. It has a great law of its own.

'Small bodies may be eccentric in their movements, but that does not cause their size to be mistaken. Which of them by taking thought can add one cubit to their stature? Think not, O would-be-poet! that all poets must be queer, as certainly as all millers must be white. More or less of oddity is distributed among all estates. Whoever affects it, will follow the example of hod-carriers as well as poets. So also will cobblers. If we had a catalogue of all the cobblers who have

ever waxed a thread since the knowledge of shoe-leather, and of all the poets who have ever waxed great since Parnassus was founded, the queer cobblers would preponderate over the queer poetasters in the proportion of a hundred to one, because there have been more of them; the art of making shoes being of more importance to utilitarians than the art of stringing rhymes. Yet if the fact should leak out, and be established by *data*, that singularity was peculiar to hod-carriers or to cobblers, how many mooping young men would be found turning down their shirt-collars on a neck supporting a head, exhibiting a noddle where you may knock twice, and no body at home? Not a single nin-com-poop; the fact is, it is a foolish pretence. The true *usus nature*, whether a plant, a tree, a beast, or the *genus homo*, is looked on with a certain curious respect. This variation from order only directs our attention more strongly to the general regularity of nature. It illustrates and ennobles that which is too apt to escape our notice. Such as it is, GOD has permitted it from some inscrutable motive, but it can not reproduce its kind. Other plants will not train themselves accordingly; other trees do not envy its knottness; other beasts do not affect it. What intrinsic value has oddity? Let those who are born with a natural twist, jerk along through life, and accustom themselves to staring eyes and grinning mouths, and 'There he goes!' Let them slouch along, mope about, transcend the rules of decency, but have some little regard whose toes they tread on.

'PETER QUINN, in his *'Odds and Ends of Natural History,'* tells of a man so exceedingly common-place, that he could never succeed in satisfying his inordinate passion for notoriety. At last he hitched his great-grandfather, a mere child of ninety years, a simpleton, before a little go-cart, and lashing his legs with a child's whip, and holding the strings in his hand, drove him several turns, like a colt, about the common. The consequence was, that a great crowd was collected to view the extraordinary spectacle. They removed the great-grandfather from the traces, and placed him in the poor-house. His lineal descendant they baptized in a muddy duck-pond, christened him by an opprobrious name, rode him upon a sharp rail, and covered him from head to foot with tar and feathers. His ambition was gratified.

VI.

'ON DANDIES.

'I HAVE not a great respect, but make a great allowance for a born dandy. He is found among the civilized, and among the savage. The Indian loves finery, but among the painted are some more be-painted, and more tricked out, and the tall exquisite is pleased to contemplate himself in the glassy fountain. He struts, he prinks, he minces, he ambles, in the wigwam, ferocious BRUMMEL that he is! — the admiration of himself, the sport of the fair, the cream of aboriginal chivalry.

'Some philosophers imagine that the soul of man is diffused all over on the outside of him, like the atmosphere itself. It may be true, and the theory is at least justified in the case of these 'leaders of the fashions,' walking APOLLOS. Their hour is very bright, but alas! how brief. Sometimes they are cheek by jowl with princes, but the beau's latter days are very cheerless and disconsolate, when his finery and toggery give place to a most squalid shabbiness, such as would have insulted his very eye-sight in better times. Then he will take his meal with paupers, the same man who recollected that 'he had once eaten a pea.' It seems hard that society should be so ungrateful to those who have afforded them so much amusement. There is an exceeding *naïveté*, a suave and courtly innocence and credulity, a bewitching idolatry of the unsubstantial and the vapid in all the words, actions, and antics of the born dandy, the true beau, which ought to secure him

an annuity for his declining years. He should be fixed upon a pedestal in his prime, and in his glory, to remain a study, without taking it for granted that his type will continue to exist. Genuine dandies are not hated; they are but decorated simpletons, pleasant 'Merry ANDREWS,' although the end of their career is frequently dwindling. The *dénouement* of mere folly is often more picturesque and striking, in its melancholy contrasts, than that of vice. After they have waved their hands for the last time, and have 'deceased' gracefully, dandies should not be consigned to Potter's-field, with the burial of paupers. They should be elegantly attended to the grave by a *cortège* of gentlemen, with umbrellas over their heads, buried in fresh-blown roses, piled up with cinnamon and aristocratic spices, with vials of cologne-water, (JEAN FERINA'S,) poured out in profusion, and their tomb-stones should be erected of purest alabaster, while virgins in snow-white, and any number of the fair sex, should chaunt over their remains a most lamentable requiem!

VII.

'ON SYMPATHY.

'SOME morbid people have a great hankering for sympathy. They imagine that there is no sympathy except for sorrow. There is where their mistake lies. This fellow-feeling is a very sparse and a very precious commodity. It is the offering of a true friend, a gift which, unlike all other gifts, is never dispensed without a degree of pain on the part of the giver. It has no application to fancied ills. But if they wish to get a wide-spread sympathy, a good reception, and greetings innumerable, let them put on a cheerful aspect, and they will have the whole world on their side. Some people have a habit of pouring their petty grievances into every ear, and of revealing the state of their disordered stomachs; how they were afflicted with heart-burn, nausea, pains, griping, colic, flatulence, indigestion, dyspepsia, and were distressed after meals; and all this they will stop to tell you in the street, or interrupt a cheerful conversation with a disgusting reminiscence of drugs and nostrums, as if they wished you to 'gag' with them; to turn yellow out of compliment, and grunt and groan out of commiseration. A fellow once described to me his nauseous symptoms, and the depravities of his constitution, while passing, in the 'HENDRIK HUDSON,' through the most romantic scenery of the Highlands. I cut the moribund short in the midst of his diagnosis, and do not care to meet him again on this side of the grave, or on the other either.

VIII.

'A DISAGREEABLE HABIT.

³THE vanity of literary men is not small. Some of them are fond of reading their compositions to a friend, when occasion offers or can be found; a great bore to the party so called upon to listen, nearly always. When printing was not yet invented, and paper was unknown, recitation might be tolerable at set times, as lectures are now-a-days. When one of this class comes to see you, rest assured that he comes only to lay a tax on your ear, your patience, and your politeness. He has his pockets full of scribblings, and he is watching the moment, and shaping all the conversation to some juncture when he may bring them out, and read and read by the hour, till in spite of all your efforts you fairly nod again.

'If you go to see him, he is ready to entertain you in the same way. It is amusing to see with what ingenuity he will pave the way, diverting the conversation into little by-currents, leading it off, and at last shaping it to the point which he wants.

'By-the-bye,' he will say, as if the idea had struck him by a mere accident;

'by-the-bye, I have been jotting down a few thoughts on that very thing, which ought to tell somewhere.'

'Ah!' you reply, without much show of surprise, because you well know that he has been lying in wait for this very opportunity. 'Ah?'

'Yes! — yes. I think of committing them to print some of these days, if it is worth while.'

'Yes?'

'They relate to something which I have heard you speak of.'

'Good.'

'Can you imagine what it is? I fear not. Well, I will tell you. It is on — — —'

'Good.'

'Did I ever show them to you?'

'I do not remember.'

A long pause. (Literary friend jumping up and getting down the papers.)

'I wish you would let me read them, at least a part.'

'Certainly.'

(Pretending to demur.) 'Perhaps it will be a bore?'

'Not at all — not at all. I wish you would. I'd like very much to hear them.'

'If you insist upon it, I will; but first, you must allow me to prepare the way by stating some incidental circumstances which are necessary to a full understanding of the piece.'

(Literary bore enters upon a long rigmarole, which consumes much time; then clears his throat, and reads with infinite gusto. Keeps a sharp look-out on his auditor, every now and then glancing furtively at him to see what effect is produced. Makes his own commentary as he proceeds. At last he winds up, and looks appealingly at you.)

'Ha! ha! — good, good.' *(Taking out your watch:)* 'By-the-bye, it is getting late. I must go home. Good night!'

'Good night.'

'What a bore!'

DEATH OF FRANCIS T. PORTER, OF NEW-ORLEANS. — We are called upon to lament the untimely death of the youngest and only surviving brother of WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., editor of the New-York '*Spirit of the Times*,' sporting and literary gazette, FRANCIS T., (or 'FRANK PORTER,' as he was affectionately termed by his friends,) of New-Orleans. 'Mr. PORTER had been for a great number of years connected with the New-Orleans '*Daily Picayune*,' filling alternately the post of assistant-editor, city news reporter, and the sporting department; but it was in the latter that his talents shone brightest, as, with but one or two exceptions, he was the best writer on sporting matters in the United States. During the prevalence of the fever in 1853, the deceased was laid prostrate by its ravages, and although by the most skilful medical attention he was raised from his sick bed, he was never afterward in the enjoyment of good health. Last summer he made a tour to Europe, in the hope of obtaining his wonted health, but he came back a living corpse! He returned to New-Orleans last fall, when he gradually pined away until death relieved him of all further pain.' We had the pleasure to know Mr. PORTER; and in common with all who *did* know him, it

was impossible not to esteem him. His manner was frank, open, and cordial; and in all things, he impressed himself upon us as a self-possessed, warm-hearted, quiet-minded gentleman. We recollect taking his thin white hand in ours, in bidding him good-bye, the last time he bade adieu to New-York, and his reply as he returned its pressure. 'I am going,' said he, with a faint smile, to join the 'editorial *corpse*' once more at my adopted home in the South.' Poor PORTER! his play upon the word has proved prophetic. Peace to his silent ashes!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'What shall we do?' says EURIPIDES, in his 'Cyclops,' according to SHELLEY: 'What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!' And so he is, reader; and what is more, he is under your very eyes, as you will perceive on perusing the following, 'MAX MIDDLTON's *Friend's Story*,' involving an incident of real life, most effectively narrated:

'It is said that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the truth of this remark is perhaps as well and as often shown in the change which comes over a man's feelings upon being greatly terrified, and suddenly discovering that his terror has arisen from some insignificant or ludicrous cause, as in any other manner. According to the metaphysicians, a certain degree of fear is one of the essential ingredients which go to make up the feeling of sublimity. Whether this be true or not, we shall not attempt to decide; but it is certain that the occasion is every thing. COLUMBUS, spreading his sails to course over unknown deeps, and to encounter unknown and mysterious perils, might not have seemed, in outward appearance, very dissimilar to some skipper setting out upon a codfish or mackerel expedition; yet no man will contend but that the one scene is far more grand and interesting than the other. The whoop of an infuriated savage in his native wilds and the yell of one of the 'free and independent voters,' when gloriously fuddled on the night after election, might sound very much alike, but would give rise to totally different emotions in the breast of the hearer. The deep base of the thunder is sublime and full of awe; but when imitated upon a piece of sheet-iron, in a travelling country theatre, and especially when, by some mismanagement or oversight on the part of the fellow who 'rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm,' the thunder precedes and heralds the lightning by several seconds; although the two sounds may in some degree resemble each other, yet the latter is vastly less productive of sensations of awe than the former. A man may experience all the sublimity of fear from some cause which, when discovered, will dissipate every trace of such sentiment, as quickly as a dash of cold water will scatter the pleasant visions of a morning's nap.

Talking upon this subject, the other day, with our friend L —, he related the following as one of his 'experiences,' which we shall give as nearly as possible in his own words.

'While I was yet quite a young man, just entering upon life, I left my native village to take up my residence in the neighboring city of A —, where I was an entire stranger. It was on the morning of a cold, bleak day in the latter part of November that I found myself seated in a stage-coach, and rattling over the frozen ground at a rate any thing but agreeable to my physical frame. There was but

one passenger beside myself — a dark-complexioned, thin-faced, but muscular-looking man, apparently about forty years of age — who sat in the darkest corner of the coach opposite to me. He was enveloped in a large gray over-coat, and wore his hat pushed down over his eyes — or eye, for he had lost one by some mishap — so that but a very small section of his face was presented to the scrutiny of the observer. There was something stealthy and suspicious about his whole appearance, and his one eye, whenever it opened sufficiently wide to give opportunity for observation, seemed, as if to make up for the loss of its companion, to have the power of at least two ordinary eyes. There was something repelling about its glances. Some one has suggested that the 'glittering eye' of the Ancient Mariner was very appropriate, and that its mysterious brightness was the result of the strange and wonderful scenes which had passed before it. So, when I gazed upon this, the idea instantly rose in my mind that it had witnessed more than one dark scene of guilt, and had acquired some portion of its strange expression in gazing upon the perpetration of some fearful crime.

'Most of these particulars I noticed as the day advanced, and as our vehicle stopped at some country or village tavern, for the purpose of changing the mail, which it carried. On these occasions we emerged from our dark quarters for a few moments, to stretch our stiffened limbs, and warm our half-frozen feet. I also observed that, at such times, my Cyclopean fellow-traveller was wont to refresh himself and warm his inner man with a stiff tumbler of brandy.

'Manifold were the speculations in which I indulged relative to his character, past history, and for what earthly purpose he could be travelling in the cold on that precise day; and whether had I hastened or delayed my journey for a day or two, just such a fellow would have been my travelling companion. Was it inevitable, fore-ordained, or a mere chance? With such foolish fancies, and with some occasional conversation, I endeavored to while away the tedious hours.

'In our forlorn and solitary condition, I felt like fraternizing with almost any human being. During the day, I learned that his name was TOMPKINS, and that he resided at A ——. In the course of our conversation, it appeared that his residence was not far from that part of the town where my business was situated, and I finally accepted a proposition from him, to enter his family as a boarder. Notwithstanding my repugnance to the man, it seemed as though even such an acquaintance would be better than none in a city of strangers.

'I was duly introduced to the TOMPKINS family, which consisted of a wife, considerably younger than her husband, but somewhat faded in appearance, as if in delicate health, and a little girl, six or eight years of age, his child by a former marriage. Several weeks passed, during which nothing worthy of note transpired, while my dislike for TOMPKINS, instead of diminishing on more intimate acquaintance with him, as I had anticipated, rather increased. Still it had no more tangible foundation than on the first day of our acquaintance. In fact, I was not much better acquainted with him. He seemed to have no particular business, and was often gone for several days at a time, was out late at night, and occasionally brought home suspicious-looking fellows, with whom he seemed to be particularly intimate, to dine with him. All these things tended to strengthen and confirm my first impressions with regard to him, but still were no definite proofs of any thing derogatory to his character.

'One night, just as I had dropped into a comfortable snooze, after having laid a long time ruminating on these matters, and having about made up my mind to seek some other quarters on the following day, I was suddenly awakened by the entrance of TOMPKINS into my room, with a light in his hand, and with nothing on but his shirt and drawers.

'L ——,' said he, in a whisper, hoarse with excitement, 'for God's sake, get up quickly and go down with me.'

'What is the matter? what has happened?' I exclaimed, starting up alarmed at his strange appearance.

'Hush!' he hissed out; 'they are trying to break into the house. They are in the hall already, and are attempting to pick the lock on the inner door. They want to murder me!'

'By this time I was wide awake and out of bed. TOMPKINS trembled all over, like a man with the ague. His naturally cadaverous face was now white as that of a corpse, and his one eye fairly blazed with excitement, while I was nearly as much agitated as he. The sudden awaking from a sound sleep, the terrified appearance of TOMPKINS, his strange words, all combined to throw my mind into a state of confusion which completely precluded the possibility of entertaining a single rational or sober thought. The consequence was that two more frightened individuals were probably never seen.

'We proceeded down-stairs to the hall-door as noiselessly as possible, Mrs. TOMPKINS joining us on the way, resolved not to survive her lord, and all three of us in rather scanty costume. TOMPKINS rushed into the kitchen on tip-toe, and brought forth a large iron poker. Raising it above his head with his right hand, ready to smite down the first assassin, or burglar, as the case might be, who should present himself, he proceeded to turn the key, as silently as possible, with the other, and suddenly burst open the door. But instead of rushing forward upon the foe, as I expected to see him, he started back. Terror gave place to wrath upon his countenance; his grasp on the poker relaxed, and, dashing it furiously upon the floor, he roared out:

'It's nothing but that d——d cat!'

'Never before or since have I seen so sudden a transition from the sublime of terror to the opposite pole of unmingled ludicrousness. Not a word farther was spoken; but each one, suddenly struck with the absurdity of the whole affair, and the singularity of our several costumes, scrambled off to bed as hastily as possible.

'I ventured to allude to the subject at breakfast on the following morning, but the frown of TOMPKINS, and his evident disrelish of hearing it mentioned, prevented any recurrence to it afterward. I soon after left A ——, and the mystery remains unsolved to the present day. The only explanation of his conduct which I could ever devise is, that possibly he had been riding in a stage-coach the day before, and had indulged in an extra quantity of his favorite beverage.'

—
We have no heart to add a word to the following correspondence: and as to the poem that accompanies it, what *could* we say? Nothing — absolutely nothing:

'MR. CLARK: EDITOR:

North-Demosthenes Four-Corners, March 12, 1855.

'SIR: The Repository of the most wonderful Poem of modern times has the pleasure of transmitting it to you. It came last night, enveloped in Mystery. If that is too poetical an expression, allow me to substitute Brown Paper — which appeared to have been taken from a package of candles.

'This will justify the expression. It is significant. No note or direction — explanation. Again significant. His name signed in his own Blood, which Skepticism would call red ink. Alas! significant! A faint but perceptive odor of Lanterns. Significant!

'Is it not wonderful? Was he ever equalled in Pathos by even Ancient Authors, as, for instance, GULLIVER? (And between ourselves, Sir, were the Poems of SOCRATES so remarkable as to forbid the rising Impulse to honor the *Descriptive* powers of PEPPER?) Sir, in Sickness he is Great. All of his Poems show it. He never alludes to sickness without affecting me to tears. In fact, I often feel sick myself. You will not fail to notice his great improvement in Penmanship. I think he has Practised. I know he has. If he did not spurn such things he would always spell as well as he writes. But what part of Genus is orthography?

'If he has gone — oh! *if he has!* — and the thought is madness — or at least unpleasant — let us be thankful that his Great Work is finished. It Lives! And Posterity will not (I am confident) willingly allow it to Decease!

'I go in search of the Body.

'From a surcharged heart, yours,

P. PEPPER Podd.'

Wellbarrer.

INTO 2 PARTS: PART THE 1TH.

DEDICAT TO P. PEPPER Podd BY THE AUTHER MR K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.

Not that ime in eny think ov a hurry o muse
(Its comfortin to know youv got a muse)
Wood i adress Thee on the subgeck ov
A large Pome. For varis is the oportoonitis
Ive giv Thee to walk up to the Captins ofis
& their to settle or malk you fren a nofer
But you hev slited al mi Overtours.
O is mi preshus muse a-go in to leve
& finelly be no moar herd ov enywers?
Ken nothink warm her (at present) cold shoalder?

Return and smile on PEPPER, o his muse!
Remember hese desolved al pardnership
With evrythink & is a onhappy Berd
As thines ov flyink oanli a few days longer.
Come & help smooth his delekit wite plooming
& teach his poor vois oanli 1 moar song
So then hele go in pese & you may find
Consolashun in funerls and sech.
(Now hevin be prased—my muse she is a-comink!)

Go 4th & se the Yelow Berd so hapy!
Go witnes Blu-Gay spoartink in the son!
A. se the Ant a-pilin up the dert
Serene and smilink likewais industris.
Behoald the Elefan a-floppink ov his eres
Mindless ov Driver wot pees on his hed.
Sech was ABNER. wos he moar? he wos.
His Faither folowed choppin & his Grand
Mother wos relijis. His own mother
Onfortinaty dide from the effects ov Sassig.
As she wos pius wen she thus did di
She tooc her oanli sun & freli sed
ABNER, your mother is eggspected up
& reely cant sta & talk of her things.
ABNER mi preshus youm a oanli sun
& ov coars your brothers aint noomeris.
Wot I say you ken at leest depend on.
Mi prinssiple last werds is *Never Cus*.
Your Faither, ABNER, never did but onct
& he was sic for upards ov 2 wekes.
So ABNER cuicly swoar he woodent cus
& then she looct at him & the oald man,

Regrettin as the Sassig was so harty,
 & sayin Good Bi in a febel vois
 Wos travelink Hoamards in about 1 minit.
 ABNER, shes gon! the oald man then remarc
 Bi way ov comfortin his wepin sun.
 So she is Faither, the yung man replied;
 She was a good un ABNER then he sed,
 So she wos Faither, the sun sed agin
 & then the oald man fell onct moar to chopin.

ABNER gest then had tooc a gob ov weelin
 Dert from a seller as a man wos digin.
 Being wel pade and very stout hisselt
 He dident loos no time in bein onhappy.
 He felt gest like sum hefty Berd a-flyink,
 Or wel-grode Ant a-bizzyn ov itself;
 Hede sing & wissel al the liv long day
 & oanli stop fur vittels and terbacker
 Or at a pig to gerc a stun so paffe.
 O Hapines! wot maid Thee up & leve?
 O Fait! wy wos you so fixt that you coodent
 Help a l's deservin yung man cald ABNER?
 Alas! Sech is Human Nater i fere.
 Wen maid to go rite, wy shoold it be perwerse?
 As why shoold ABNER hev spile-t the pirrymid
 Ov Blis bi settin ov it onto the small end?
 But so he did in a onfortinet moment;
 As in the next Part we shel presently sho.

—
 P A R T T H E 2 T H .

O Muse, pervide a hankercher & wepe!
 Also peraps it will be rite to refews
 Vittels & drinc as long as you ken stan it.
 Weer comink to the dark side ov the picter
 Ware WO is rote in black al round the fraim.
 Be cairfle, Muse, in roalink up the kertin
 As it is maid ov Craip & is cuite esy tore.

O hev you seen the rapt maternle Hen
 With al ov her egs emashed bi a roothless Fo?
 Hev you discovered Egle a comink down
 On wings ov Nite becaus hers was shot
 Of bi a shot-gun? and the astonished Dog
 Looc round with indignashun at his Tale
 Severed bi crule Boy be 4 his i's?
 Wot Disappointment fur the helples Dog!
 Wot straing Dissatisfachshun fur the Egle!
 Wot Wunder fur the long secloodid Hen!
 Al these hev felt the infloons ov a chaing.
 (E spesheelly the onfortunate ca 9 Dog.)
 Hen wos i's hapy—Egle wos—Dog wos;
 Ware am thay now? at present Chaingd & gon!

ABNER wos weelink. As a Berd was ABNER,
 (Felink, not weelink—as a Berd doant weel;)
 Oft playin ov his oald gaim with the Pigs,
 & wisselin cairles wen he dident sing,
 Or thinkin ov Buty as wos fur away.
 But al to onct the hefty 'barer dropt
 For ABNER felt a tyresome fit cum on.
 Wos ABNER huffy? ime afeard he wos,
 Becaus the fit was sudent, onbenoanst-like.
 He set down onto the 'barer with a gerk
 & in a ninstan keched onto a nale
 & toar his pans a gash which say 3 inches.

Wos thay a Nevil Spirit a hangin round
 About that time, with nothink fur to do?

Wos this the Evil Our? Wos Pertechshun
 Gon frum mortles fur about $\frac{1}{4}$ minute?
 No matter now wot was gon: ABNER CUSSÉD!
 There wos comoshun amongst things directly:
 The Hevinks shode symptoms of turnin blac:
 The winds wos evidently a preparink to houl;
 Erth give a oder like rotten pertaters;
 & wot wos wonderfle—WHEELBARER GRONÉD!

Every think semed to be a waitin fur sumthink.
 About that time it seems sumthink cum.
 WHEELBARER SPOAK! (Bi the way, ABNER
 Wos a feelink dredfle as you mite suppose,
 & altho he wanted to git up, he coodent.)
 ABNER! sed the stern Wheelbarer, ABNER!
 Youm aweer as youv ben Cussink, ABNER:
 You swoar to your oald mother as you woodent,
 & now you'll se L, ABNER, perty cuic.
 So then it riz & pitched him of the trac:
 & the Hevinks, as had been kyndly watink,
 Dyde blac imejitly, & the winds roard
 Quite savig fur sech short notis. Rayther displesed
 With the aspec thinks wos a waring jest then
 He keched his breth & put fur sumers els.

But Eggersize ov runnin spiles the cistim
 Onles you fele like goin. So, as these
 Onplesant sercumstansis follered ABNER,
 He dident engoy the goak. He felt insultid;
 His felinks hed ben teiched with a rood han:
 Besides, it hert ware he struc frum the 'barer,
 & he wosent wel hisself. He had settled
 Into a nesy trot fur severil mild,
 Beginnin for to hoap fur plesanter wether;
 Wen SCUEKE! SCUEKE! SCUEKE! he heres a sound behind
 Like a immens WHEELBARER a-comink, awfle!

O ABNER, fli! & to your spede ad wings! (from MILTON.)
 No nede to tel him, fur the cus *did* fli.
 He caim sune to a Ryver, (bangs wos hi,) &
 & thinkin it mite be Gordon, was afeerd.

A litle sercumstans confirmed his suspishins.
 He herd the SCUEKE, & a awfle rumblin sound,
 & afore bein cuite prepaired, was buct in.
 This wos a new cause fur Dissatisfacshun;
 So he swum acrost the rifs cuite angry-like,
 But got out so refresht that he maid 2,40
 With a ese unparaleld, considerink
 The straingnes ov the kedentry. (Al this wile
 The furis wind kep up 1 aufle shriek,
 Displayin abillity ov no comon order;
 Darcnes wos a perspirin ov blac inc;
 & the Elemens genrally wos onfrenly.)

Sune another onplesent think cum up.
 ABNER SMELT FIRE! & lookin al aroun
 Saw into the frunt (gest rescuin ov hisself,) &
 A HOAL! It smoaked sum, & had a fire down in!
 He smelt Brimstun onct in a wiles! He herd
 Gronink! He herd Cussink! He herd Fites!
 He wos thinkin ov goin away kind ov cairies,
 Wen a awfle depe vois sed—PICH IN, ABNER!
 He herd a rumblin! WHEELBARER caim up
 & goined into the entrey: GO IN, ABNER,
 It sed, astonished at his hangin of;
 & then, cuite axidentle, run agin him.

He saw the mistaik wos a goin to proof faille,
 So he braced hisself, & giv a shriek as left
 The furis Wind seclooded into Ekos;
 & feelin sertin as a nuther Oath

Woodent be apt to increse the expens,
 He indulged hisself as he wos a goin down.
 n. b. let us hoap as the last Cus
 wosent noticed in the confushun.

MORL IS OBVIS.

'Napoleon Buonaparte Goins :

'No. 106 COMMON STREET,

'OPPOSITE THE LADIES' ENTRANCE OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW-ORLEANS.

We think the reader will not be slow to discover in the following admirable JOHNSONIAN biography a sly satire of the manner of certain of our own writers, whose pomposity of language is in an inverse ratio with the poverty of their thoughts: 'The subject of this brief biography was born and educated at Frankfort, Kentucky. The refined society of that delightful metropolis has given polish and amenity to his manners; while the bold and romantic scenery of its beautiful river, its castellated rock and cloud-capped mountain, has impressed itself indelibly on his imagination: doubtless conducive to that elevation of sentiment, originality of conception, and boldness of execution for which through life GOINS has been eminently distinguished. It has been said, the boy is father to the man; and it rarely occurs that youth is wholly passed without some idiosynchral peculiarity pointing with prophetic finger to specific and characteristic adaptability. And thus it was that an elder associate, in a moment of playful *abandon*, when the austere faculties are genially relaxed, and fancy has free scope, and when perhaps the more creative and poetic temperament is endowed with an intuitive prescience, though all unconscious; at such a moment, his elder play-mate entitled GOINS 'a little shaver.' Yet what eye could have pierced the dark veil of futurity, and realized that the same childish digits which could rob the heavy-laden humble-bee of his honeyed burden, and yet avoid the infliction of the envenomed sting, should, in after-life, flipp with dexterous impunity the most irascible feature of bellicose



humanity: that peculiar feature of the human form divine of which the poet might have said:

'FINGERS strange, with gentlest tweak,
Wound rampant honor to the quick;
While sonorous blows from native hands,
Custom absolves, and cleanliness demands.'

'Little did the truant boy dream, as he wandered through the fertile meadows of his native State, or perhaps assisted in reaping the fragrant hay; or as he, in mere wantonness, plucked the golden wheat or bearded rye; that he should, at a later day, and in another and far-distant field of action, become the most finished and esteemed operator in the removal of the too luxuriant and exuberant excrescence of hirsute and adolescent virility.

'Yet it was not at a single bound that GOINS reached his present proud pre-eminence. Historians tell us that every great step in the record of nations has been fruitless and evanescent unless it has undergone the baptism of blood. Candor obliges us to admit that the earlier efforts of the subject of the present historiographical sketch were not effected without sanguineous effusion. The change from a mere assistant to a performer; from the management of the diminutive cuboidal utensil, outwardly refulgent with the brilliant product of the Cornish mine, interiorly replete with that saponaceous compound whose evanescent globules are the proverbial comparison for the ephemeral aspirations of frivolous humanity; the change from this facile and irresponsible task, to the wielding of the cold, glittering, and destructive steel, was a grand and important step: and that step was not taken without injury to the epidermal integrity of those who submitted their capillary superfluity to his tyro manipular and abrasive operations, especially when curuncular obstruction gave additional difficulty to the progress of the acute ferreous implement.

'GOINS enjoyed no immunity from the usual fate. His primitive attempts were literally bathed in blood. But that unformed and experimental period has long since passed. His patrons now resign their epiglottæ to contact with his dexterously-employed razor, or place their encumbering locks beneath his glittering force, assured of safety, and that all that a refined taste and a bland, unctuous, and skilful touch can effect will be realized in the highly ornamental result. If it might be veraciously asserted of any being, merely human, that he could remove the moustache from the minute lip of the most diminutive of quadrupeds, while the creature continued to enjoy undisturbed dormicular repose, we would boldly affirm that NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE GOINS is that man.

'But why enlarge upon a reputation coëxistent with his residence in the city, and coëxtensive with the limits of enlightened civilization? The specious casuistry of forensic eloquence is not more certain to make black appear white, than is GOINS' infallible hair-dye to transmute the silvery locks of premature senility to the jetty tresses of early puberty. Nor can the acumen of judicial sagacity more readily evocate and reject plausible but unveracious and inapplicable deductions, than can the unrivalled *Kaperlapium* of GOINS disencumber and cleave of all extraneous matter, the cuticular surface from which is appended the graceful capillary ornament. We will not invade the sanctity of private life by a reference to his domestic affairs, further than to state that GOINS is a husband and a father.

'As a public man, eminent in the profession he adorns, the citizens of New-Orleans have a justifiable pride in pointing to strangers the complete and extensive establishment, where alone can be found the very glass of fashion and the mould of form, at the 'Temple of ADONIS' of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE GOINS, Number 106 Common-street, New-Orleans.'

Is n't that sesquipedalian? . . . We are not impregnable to praise, when candidly and earnestly rendered; and to the commendations which have been passed upon our 'masterly summing-up' in the great '*Alleghany County 'Tit' Case*,' we are by no means insensible. 'Common-law is common-sense,' so that we knew our 'ruling' would be deemed sufficient, outside of the correlative and corroborative 'authorities' which we cited. To the pressing offers of law-partnerships which have been tendered us, however, we are compelled to 'turn a deaf ear.' We 'can-ah not-ah *do it-ah*.' Urgent literary duties preclude the thought. At the same time, we shall not lose sight of important legal cases of public interest, of which the following is one, involving nice 'points' in the *terms* of law. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the 'record.' The case originated a few years ago, under the old territorial laws, while Iowa was yet a territory, and the complaint, exactly as it appears below, is filed among the 'archives' of the District Court of Jefferson county. 'Old SHUFFLETON' was well known in those days, rather as a 'notorious' lawyer than as a 'noted' one; a man of very considerable talent and no little wit. He resided at Fairfield, Iowa, then and now the county-seat of Jefferson county:

'The case was docketed by the Clerk, 'UNITED STATES vs. JOB PARKER,' and had been called by the Judge several times, and put off by SHUFFLETON, the defendant's counsel on the ground that he 'had filed a motion to dismiss, but had not fully decided whether to insist upon the motion or not.' At length the order was, 'The case must be disposed of.' Mr S. obtained the papers and read his motion to dismiss 'for want of parties to the suit.' The transcript sent up by the Justice was then referred to, when Mr. S. commenced reading:

"The United States of America. The Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, ss. The United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson county, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, (vs.) JOB PARKER.

"And now this present day, to-wit the 13th day of August, in the year of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, 18 and 41, came before me, a Justice of the Peace for the United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Locust Grove Precinct, the United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and filed his affidavit against the said JOB PARKER, charging that the said JOB PARKER did on the said 13th day of August, 18 and 41, strike and threaten to kill and wound the said United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and unless he the said JOB PARKER is prevented, there is danger that the said JOB PARKER will carry his said threats into execution against the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior.

'The Judge here interrupted old SHUFF.: 'Mr. SHUFFLETON, you are not reading correctly.'

"Verbatim, your Honor, verbatim; not a word wrong, Sir.'

'Court: 'Go on, Sir, go on.'

'SHUFF. reads: 'And thereupon I, Justice of the Peace, issued a warrant in the name of the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, against the said JOB PARKER, and the said JOB PARKER was brought before me to answer the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, for striking and threatening to kill the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and thereupon the said United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and the said JOB PARKER being ready for trial, witnesses were examined, to-wit, the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, who did solemnly swear that the said JOB PARKER had on the said 13th day of August 18 and 41, struck him the said United States of America, Ter-

ritory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and it appeared to the said Justice that said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, was greatly bruised about his eyes and other parts of his face, and the said JOB PARKER insisted that he had a right to strike the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, for calling him the said JOB PARKER a liar, and it not being proved that the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, did say that said JOB PARKER lied, I, the said Justice, do fine the said JOB PARKER five dollars, in favor of the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior. Therefore it is ordered, considered, and adjudged, that the said United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, do recover of the said JOB PARKER the said sum of five dollars and costs!''

The Court decided that there was nothing fair or equal in such a contest: there was not a want of parties, but too many plaintiffs for one defendant, and the suit should be dismissed! 'Sech is law!' - - - A PLAYFUL apology for the *lack* of a subject, while making of the apology a pleasant domestic subject *itself*, is 'A Winter Morning's Epistle to 'Old Knick,' by our friend and correspondent, the 'PEASANT BARD.' It is exceedingly off-handed:

DEAR KNICK:

I'm sitting meekly by the fire,
Watching the window-drifts grow higher.
A half-hour since, bold o'er my lyre,
I cried in rhyme,
THALIA, blessed! me inspire
To song sublime!

Whereat, at once the 'frenzy fine'
That poets feel, is straightway mine,
And down, to trace the glowing line,
At once I set me,
With more than half the spicy Nix
Fain to abet me.

Thoughts vigorous as the living oak,
Yet shapeless in their forest cloak;
Like rank-and-file in battle-smoke,
Enough appearing
To warrant some decisive stroke,
Or general clearing:

Fancies around my goose-quill gleam,
As bright as ever led a dream;
Just on the very point, 't would seem,
Of being taken,
When RACKET starts her noisy team,
The reins well shaken.

Her team consists of children three,
Whose mother says they 'look like me';
More lively 'bairns' you'll seldom see,
More fond of noise;
I've not the heart to chill their glee,
And damp their joys.

So while I write they make their fun,
And various are the doings done:
Bear-shooting with a wooden gun,
Myself the bear;
Or ranting round the floor they run,
Sledging a chair.

January 18, 1855.

A three-foot STENTOR 'Whoa! haw!' cries
His reckless hand the whip-lash plies;
We duck, and dodge, and wink our eyes
As 't whistles nigh us;
Till, crack! around my head it flies,
And I feel pious.

About that time it gets to be
'Hard sledding,' quite too hard for me;
I serve injunctions, but, you see,
Silence do n't follow;
Young 'E PLU. UNUM,' full of glee,
Must *bu'st* or hollow.

Concerted music does n't fail;
But 'By-lo-Baby,' 'LILY DALE,'
Are done most feelingly, with hale
Vociferations,
In all the key-notes of the scale,
With 'variations.'

My thoughts grow dim, and fancies scatter;
No use the muse to coax or flatter;
At most she'll compromise the matter
By bidding me
In gleesome childhood's noisy clatter
My theme to see.

In casting retrospective squint
O'er what is penned, it seems her hint
Is acted on—not much else in 't;
But then I'll send it,
And may-be you'll conclude to print
It as I've penned it.

I'll merely add a word, to say
The 'world of letters' should straightway
Go into mourning; well they may;
They came near getting
A perfect gem: alack-a-day!
'T was spoiled in setting!

Pretty well for 'no subject.' - - - Our friend ELLIOTT, the distinguished portrait-painter, repeats the following as the public remarks of a clergyman who had been remonstrated with by a portion of his country congregation for the employment, in his sermons, of language above their comprehension. He began his discourse on the ensuing Sunday morning as follows: 'Dearly beloved brethren: My oral disquisitions having recently met (as I have been informed) with your vituperations, I hope it may not be considered an instance of vain eloquence, or supererogation, if I here laconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, and peripatetical propositions, whether physically, physiologically, philosophically, politically, or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall hereafter be assimilated with, and rendered congenial to, the occiputs and caputs of you, my most superlatively-respected auditors!' The 'apology' was 'clear as mud,' and the preacher was never troubled by any farther objection to his style. But after all, there was a 'lesson' in the original request, on behalf of a portion of this congregation. Some clergymen seem to think that familiar, simple instruction from the sacred desk would rob it of half its influence, and greatly lessen that of its minister. Even the simple (and beautiful *because* simple) language of the BIBLE is often-times translated into 'refined phraseology,' to render it more acceptable to the modern hearer. On this point, hear the Episcopal '*Banner of the Church*': 'Our readers have no doubt often been disgusted with the high-sounding verbiage of certain writers and preachers, who have not sense enough to know that simple words and a plain Saxon style will always mark the man of real taste and education. We find the following happy hit at the barbarous modern jargon in a late English publication. The writer gives it as a specimen of the dialect of a gentleman who holds a high pulpit position in London. It is a translation, after his manner of speech, of the twenty-third Psalm.' It would be well for the reader who cannot repeat the beautiful 'original,' to turn to his BIBLE, and as he reads the following, note the 'improvement':

'DEITY is my Pastor; I shall not be indigent. He maketh me to recumb on the verdant lawns; He leadeth me beside the unrippled liquidities; He reinstalleth my spirits, and conducteth me in the avenues of rectitude for the celebrity of his appellations. Unquestionably, though I perambulate the glen of the umbrages of the sepulchral dormitories, I will not be perturbed by appalling catastrophes; for THOU art present. THY wand and THY crook insinuate delectation.

'THOU spreadest a refection before me in the midst of inimical scrutations. THOU perfumest my locks with odoriferous unguents; my chalice exuberates.

'Indubitably benignity and commiseration shall continue all the diuturnity of my vitality, and I will eternalize my habitation within the metropolis of nature!'

THERE *can* 'a good thing come out of Erie,' (Penn.) albeit its citizens take occasional pastime in tearing up rail-roads and interrupting public travel. Witness the following, from a new and welcome correspondent:

'I've often thought I would write you, and the desire grows on me when I see an occasional note in your pages from this 'celebrated town.' I've thought of many items I could give you and your readers concerning our '*town characters*,' (for what place is without them?): the vagaries of 'Cunnel' WATERS, 'KITTLE SMITH,' 'Old

SAM, de grate ECLIPSE, CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, and 'LOGAN, de Mingo chief,' all 'culled pussons,' and known to fame in these parts. The sayings and doing of Dr. W — and Prof. S —, as connected with the 'FRANKLIN Institute;' the KNICKERBOCKER CLUB; its origin — *suppers* — and fall; and the far-famed and venerable order y'clept '*The Independent Brood, and Sublime Order of Young Owls*,' composed of a company of 'crabs,' among whom I ranked as one 'crawl-fish.' We numbered some seventeen members. Our motto was: '*Keep your eye skinned, and remember Lot's wife!*' and the object of our order not dissimilar to that of the celebrated 'Snap-Dragon Club,' immortalized by the pen of your lamented brother — the 'elevation of the Ancient HENRY.' Our object, as expressed in the constitution, was, '*Fun, first, last, and all the time:*' and nobly did we carry out, and heartily did we enjoy this grand feature, which was the corner-stone of our organization. We had a catechism upon which we were duly examined the first Friday evening after each and every new-moon; and woe betide the unlucky fledgling who failed upon such an occasion! The penalties were extreme. I remember just now a penalty attached to a failure of this kind.

'Old Father S — kept a book-store, in the attic of which was stowed away a venerable arm-chair, formed of natural crooks and limbs, presented years before, by some 'crooked stick,' to the president of the 'Tippecanoe Club,' and which, after the campaign was over, had found a resting-place in the attic aforesaid. The covetous eyes of the club had rested upon this relic often-times, as a thing corresponding to the other singular adornments of our hall; and the determination had grown in our hearts to possess it by fair means or foul. Two neglectful brethren were sentenced to bring that chair into the hall within one hour's time. Before the time given had expired, the chair was placed in our midst amid tumultuous 'hoots' of approbation and joy.

'Father S — was a staunch Universalist, and stood ready at all times to give a reason (generally in a very excited manner) for the faith that was within him. One of the club had entered the store, and at once engaged with him in an animated discussion upon the merits of the doctrine of universal salvation, in order to divert attention from the noise made by the other, who had gained access to the attic, and was moving the ponderous article to a rear window, from which it was lowered to the ground, and then brought in triumph to the 'roost.'

'Many weeks afterward, a portion of our members being in the store, conversation turned upon the chair, and Father S — announced, with a favor-dispensing air, that he had thought seriously of presenting the club with the aforesaid chair. Judge of his astonishment when one of the brood replied to him: '*O Crickee, Father S —! we got that chair long ago!*'

'Our 'roost' was a curiosity-shop of itself. We had divers imitations of the Tippecanoe chair, consisting of arm-chairs and settees of Nature's crooks, each main stick of the backs surmounted with huge rams'-horns, the seats covered with coffee-sacks, or strips of the bark of the leather-wood interwoven with each other. The walls were hung with innumerable polished jaw-bones gleaned from the beach of the lake, near the 'Old Block House;' venerable hats, and garments of antique cut; swords of revolutionary times; guns; portraits of Rev. JOHN WESLEY, BRIAN, the hero of Clontarf, etc. And then that immense round table in the centre of the room, upon which lay DUNLAP'S Book of Forms, SIMON SUGES' 'Three-Fingered JACK,' and 'Seven Last Plagues, (the library of the brood,) many decks of 'keards,' the facilities for making punch, and pipes and tobacco by wholesale. Ah! those 'knights' that lingered around that 'round table,' where are they now? Scattered far and near, and some have passed away. They will never again resume their ancient orgies.

'Our debates were *brilliant*, and the questions discussed *knotty* indeed. For instance, 'Which are de fastest, hoss speed or canal speed?' 'Should old acquaintance be forgot?' etc. We had an active existence for seven years, with never a cent in the treasury. We had ways and means in the matter of fuel and lights 'that the world knew not of.' We were a club of confirmed bachelors, and bound by solemn pledges not to marry, and the breaking of these ultimately broke our club; for now there is but one of the 'brood' unmarried, and he is delving among the golden sands of the Pacific.'

So much for 'Old Eric.' - - - ONE of the pleasantest things connected with our 'Gossipry' with readers and correspondents, is the *universality* of all classes of our auditors. We say this with *almost* as much pride as pleasure. 'Never mind about *that*: what was you going to say, when you interrupted yourself?' Simply this: 'Hear our Alton, (Ill.) friend, in his free-and-easy, off-hand, slap-dash note to the Editor: 'As in the olden time, all our 'wise men' came from 'the East.' Some of them reached our prairies before the bees arrived. Bees always follow, never precede civilization. In that part of our beautiful State known as 'Egypt,' many of these 'wise' men have exercised their 'squatter-sovereignty' for the last forty years, dwelling, even now, in habitations as primitive as were those of the patriarchs. They may be seen on any fair day, sitting about the village-tavern, relating events that occurred when the 'red-skins' and buffaloes inhabited the northern half of the State, and a two-year-old steer was the 'smallest change' in the circulating medium. As late as 1837, when railroads were first talked about in this corn region, they were supposed to be identical with the 'corduroy roads,' where the rails are laid cross-wise over the bottomless 'bottoms!' In 1840, one county gave, it is said, a nearly unanimous vote for General JACKSON, for President, under the full conviction that 'the report of his death was a *Whig lie*!' When it was first reported that Professor MORSE had succeeded in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph, one old *savan*, who had been a school-master, and member of the Legislature, gave it as *his* opinion that the report was 'a humbug.' In fact, from his knowledge of 'astronomy,' he said he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'REILLY's men were seen setting the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day, he joined the crowd who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter *then*, he hesitated a moment — assuming an air of importance — and then replied: 'Well, gentlemen, while in the Legislature, I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion *that it may answer very well for small packages, but will never do for large bundles — never!*' The landlord of the principal inn at the ancient capital of the State, was a 'character,' and well known to the early settlers. During the sessions of the Legislature, his house was crowded with boarders. Our BONIFACE always seated himself at the head of his table, and carved for his guests, seasoning the meats, during the operation, with some story of the past or present, and interlarding his discourse with strings of oaths, linked together, after a fashion peculiar to himself. One day, after the guests were generally assembled, he appeared somewhat excited; and while brandishing the carving-knife, began to curse the whole canine race, 'both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound.' When nearly exhausted with the continuity of his curses, he was questioned as to the cause of his maledictions. 'Cause! — why, who *wouldn't* curse them, when, after my wife had got this fine piece of beef ready for the spit, an infernal dog jumped in at the window, and caught it in his teeth, and ran away, and I had to chase him all over the common before I could get it from

him!' You may perhaps infer that most of the guests that day concluded to omit the first course!' - - - A WRITER in a late number of *BLACKWOOD* draws this graphic picture of the interior of a menagerie, as seen by the writer, when a lad, for the first time. It hits *our* 'first impressions' of the same scene 'to a notch':

'STRANGE and wildly tropical was the commixed odor of the saw-dust, ammonia, and orange-peel. An undefined sensation of terror seized us on the trap-stair, while descending into the interior of the caravan; for a hideous growling, snarling, hissing, baying, barking, and chattering warned us that the inmates were upon the alert, and between the entrance and the quadrangle there seemed danger of a protruded paw. But---once in---what a spectacle! There was 'NERO,' the indulgent old lion, who would stand any amount of liberties; into whose cell you might go, and pluck with impunity the beard that erst had swept the sands of the Sahara. What a nice beast that elephant was, and what an appetite he possessed! From nine in the morning till six in the dewy eve, his trunk was a mere vehicle for cakes, of which he must have swallowed as many as ought to have deranged the digestion of a ragged-school; and yet, when the ordinary pasture-hour approached, the unappeased devourer trumpeted with his proboscis, and absorbed as many carrots as would have made broth for the army of the Titans. Then there was 'WALLACE,' the Scottish lion; a rampant, red-dish-maned animal, who, though whelped in the north, retained all the ardor and passion of the Libyan blood, was characteristically tenacious of his dignity, elevated his tail in defiance, and would not tolerate the affront of being roused by the application of the long pole. Horrid, with his demon-eyes, lay couchant the awful form of the royal Bengal tiger, for whose innate ferocity we needed not the vouchment of the keeper. Never shall we forget the ecstasy of fear that came over us, when the prowler of the Hoogley, waking up from some pleasant reverie of masticated Hindoo, directed his glassy stare right at our chubby countenance, and gave utterance to his approval of our condition by a suppressed growl, accompanied by a licking of his grizzly chaps, and a display of the most tremendous fangs! Need we be ashamed to confess that we recoiled from the dangerous proximity with a scream of abject terror; and in doing so, came within sweep of the trunk of our former friend, the elephant, who, possibly conceiving that our cap contained inexhaustible stores of gingerbread, picked it from our head, and instantaneously added it to the miscellaneous contents of his stomach? Then there were at least half-a-dozen leopards, leaping over each other in fun, as though they were the most innocent creatures in the world; and hyenas, with their everlasting snarl; and shaggy wolves; and, oh! such a magnificent grizzly-bear, brought direct from the Rocky-Mountains! We need not speak of the serpents, who, poor devils, spent most of their time under blankets, and seemed to survey with perfect indifference the rabbits who were munching greens beside them; nor of the ostrich, good to swallow a peck of two-penny nails, if not to furnish head-gear to a lady from its somewhat bedraggled plumage; nor of the zebra, whom we greatly coveted for a pony. There can be no doubt whatever that the ambulatory menageries were most valuable schools for instruction in natural history.'

How *much* there is in mere *style*! - - - Two or three 'little people's' anecdotes, 'faithfully correct,' being sent by correspondents who in each case 'know the parties:'. 'A lady, living near St. Louis, went to the city to spend some time with her relatives, taking a little boy two years and a-half old. During their visit, the cry of '*Lost child!*' with the ringing of a bell, was heard in the streets several times. The lady explained it to the child, and spoke feelingly of the 'poor little children lost from their mothers,' making a marked impression on its mind. On returning to the country, the child was missed in a few days, and general search was made for it. For several hours it could not be found; at length some one was attracted by the words, '*Lost child!*' '*Lost child!*' when the little creature was found in a clay-hole, more than a mile from home! But for its making its presence thus known, it must inevitably have perished.' 'The following occurred to a little daughter of the writer, who had just returned from a child's boarding-school, to spend the vacation at home: 'Upon examination of her teeth, her mother discovered one which she decided must 'come out.' Upon being

informed of it, 'LOUIE' retired at night with a sorrowful countenance, dreading the idea of her visit to the ever-gentle Dr. MIDDLETON. The next morning, 'LOUIE's appearance at the breakfast-table was 'very peculiar.' Her usual rosy cheeks were pale; her eyes, which generally were sparkling bright, had lost their lustre; her appetite had deserted her; and in fact she was '*sick all over.*' After a little encouragement, however, she brightened up, and told her father that she felt very much encouraged; that she had prayed to God all night for courage to have her tooth extracted without crying, and that it might 'not hurt.' The Doctor drew the tooth, and sure enough it 'hurt' but very little, and no crying ensued; but upon a farther examination, *another* tooth was found to be somewhat defective, and it was necessarily doomed to the fate of the first. This 'LOUIE' could not endure at that time; and the consequence was a shower of tears and sobs innumerable. Her mother reminded her of her prayers during the night, and that she should not lose her confidence, when she replied that she had not prayed for *two* teeth, but only *one*, and she 'wanted another night' to pray for the second!' The third contains one of those 'hits' which 'little folk' sometimes make, and which sometimes 'hurt:.' 'My friend ADAM S — is a gay bachelor of some thirty-five years; and though he is a devoted admirer of the ladies, yet time has shown its workings on his brow, and a '*scratch*,' of the latest cut and fashion, now covers the place 'where the hair *used* to grow.' He has a fine little nephew of some four summers, who is a close observer of every thing around him, and with whom 'Uncle ADAM' is an especial favorite. While seated at breakfast one morning, the chat of the ladies, young and old, suddenly ceased, when 'our WILLIE' broke the silence with: 'Ma, ma, I'll tell you something: *Uncle Adam puts on his hair like a jacket!*' 'Uncle ADAM's confusion and dismay may be imagined, when it is remembered that a blooming girl of sixteen, on whom he was 'sweet,' was present. - - - Was it not ROBERT HALL who said that he 'would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it'? We believe so. Even in Turkey they have a hospital for cats, (a mosque-like structure, founded by a rich, cat-loving Mussulman,) a most liberally-endowed institution, the corridors, terraces, etc., of which are crowded with cataleptic or bruised feline patients, that are tenderly cared for. Think of this, while you read the following from one whose 'creöwnin' glory' it is that he is a citizen of the 'United'n States'n,' and dwells in a Christian land:

'MY DEAR KNICK: It's all very well for you and your up-river correspondent to like cats; but you evidently have not been subjected to cats, such as my cat is. My cat is a large black one: she was given to me by a lady — MIS-FORTUNE. She adopted me; came to the house all of a 'sudding,' and staid, and stays. My folks (some of them) shudder when I kick her into the canal — sometimes almost across it. They insinuate that the cat is a black one; that it came mysteriously; and that it may be that I'm kicking something or some body that'll be apt to remember it; to all which insinuations I contemptuously exclaim, 'Oh! the d—ll!'

'Well, my cat is an 'abused cat: there is no denying it; but I can't *kill* her. She has been thrice to the bottom of the canal, and the weights waited there, but she did n't. Once I wired her with a stout wire to the rail on the Erie Rail-road; but Uncle JOHN

saw her, and stopped the train: he thought it was a baby, and released Puss. I have tried and tried, and begin to think I *don't* know what I am trying to kill!

'Your friend likes cats. Well, if he will exhibit a plump canary-bird, my cat will follow him, even though it be over a *cordon* of mice. She will prevent any surplusage in the population of his poultry-yard. Like *your* lost KIRRY, I have seen her put forth her paw, as if to grasp a — chicken; and I never saw her *fail*! It seems to me, if she were lost, I would like to see her fur — away, where I suspect she belongs. And yet I've seen that black feline 'creetur' sit and look as honest, purr as quietly, and seem as innocent, as the one you describe so impressively. Take my advice, (I'll throw in the cat extra,) don't try to find the lost occupant of your writing-table: mine looks like a frequenter of ink-stands. Rely upon it that it's lucky for you that *'you don't know what you've lost!'*

P. B. T.'

Notwithstanding which, 'our voice is still for' kittens! - - - At a late meeting of '*The New-York Sketch Club*,' the subject for illustration being '*Spring*,' MRS. ELIZA GREATOREX, in addition to a very beautiful drawing, contributed the following exquisite verses, which were read before the Association by Mr. JAMES H. CAFFERTY, the host of the evening:

'Spring Song.

'FROM shady nook the soft green leaves
Are peeping at the snow,
And praying it to go;
That in their heart the violet
And primrose sweet may blow.

'The balmy breeze is stirring now,
Right early in the morn.
And little birds forlorn,
And pent-up brooks begin to sing,
For, lo! the Spring is born!

'The meadows by the silver stream,
The hawthorn in the glen,
Are laughing out again,
And ragged Robin-run-the-bush
Is busy, with his chain,
Clasping the blushing briar-rose,
That seeks escape in vain.

'Lovingly in the even-tide
Their breath steals out to greet
Yon maid, whose eager feet
Are dancing down the shadowy lane,
Among the cowslips sweet;
There, 'neath the young laburnum trees,
Her lover true to meet.

'O yellow leaves! that droop so low
To kiss her forehead fair,
And crown her wavy hair;
Though Spring may call *you* forth again,
The lovely maiden there,
Once only on her blushing cheek
That May-day tint shall wear.'

Is n't that very delicate and felicitous? - - - THE following note from an old metropolitan friend accompanied a vessel of an enlarged capacity and of an unique shape. Our correspondent's 'favor was received and contents noted.' No body among our up-river friends could state, when closely pressed,

what the 'fluid' was; but on *one* point there was great unanimity of opinion. It was conceded on all hands that it *was* a 'nectar fit for the gods;' but on being personally examined, (and good-naturedly 'cross'-examined,) on the strength of the donor's statement that we were 'acquainted with the family' of the article, we were compelled to respond in the affirmative, to wit, that we didn't know any thing about it, except that it was good — *very* good: a decision which was accounted wise and judicious 'to a degree.' But to our friend's note:

'DEAR C —:

'New-York, February 15, 1855.

'INDULGING, some few days since, with a mutual friend, in what we considered a 'domestic nectar,' and he being desirous to 'Remember me! oft in the stillly night, when bumpers bright are filling,' innocently remarked that his physician (*Allopathic*) recommended the use of such medicine for his peculiar complaint; and being desirous of prolonging his valuable life, I was induced to provide him with sufficient to 'relieve his present necessities.' To prove his unselfishness, he suggested that as the Maine Law was likely to decorate our statutes, and your health being somewhat delicate, 't would be well to protect you from the many 'ills that flesh is heir to' by a similar appropriation. This idea assimilating with my own views of 'public duty,' I affectionately ask the privilege of introducing you to my friend D. JOHN, Esq., (with whose family you are no doubt acquainted,) trusting you may find *in him* a friend who will administer relief in sickness, and be a joyous companion in your hours of health. Do not put *implicit* confidence in him; for, although a very good fellow in his place, he sometimes takes advantage of his best friends.

'You may have partaken of, or been introduced to, a more 'ancient customer;' but allowance must be made for the '*reputed*' age of stimulating beverages. The history of *this* is *authentic*, and has 'never been doubted.' It formed a portion of the 'small-stores' of that 'ancient mariner, NOAH,' who, when his ship came to anchor off Brooklyn-Heights, sent the American Eagle (not a dove, as is believed by the ignorant) with this under his wing, to relieve any suffering 'human' who might have weathered the terrible rain-storm, and required a 'strengthenener' before he could reach his home, or the nearest hotel. This *vial*, becoming displaced, was found by one of my ancestors, (then owning a farm in the vicinity,) and has been handed down untouched (they *all* belonging to the '*Martha Washington Juvenile Female Temperance Association*,' for the propagation of low spirits and suppression of genius and conviviality) to

'Yours, very truly,

W. S. D.'

'For this relief, much thanks.' - - - HEAR PROFESSOR 'Q. K. DOESTICKS' on the subject of '*Spiritualism*' in a new phase. His translated dog 'PLUTO' has made him a 'medium.' Observe the exuberance of synonyms in the descriptive portion of the extract:

'MANY other birds of note were pointed out, and their situation and prospects explained by the obliging PLUTO. And even as one of our most learned, wise, and illustrious rulers, and his brother rapperites, have demonstrated that the spirits of the departed are busied in employments similar to their earthly ones, so did my reliable PLUTO state similar facts concerning the honorable company of beasts, birds, and reptiles. His discourse ran much as follows:

'KNOW, men of earth, that shadowy horses still throng your streets, harnessed to intangible drays, and to incorporeal express-wagons, and still tailfully drag innumerable three-cent stages; they still live in your stables, graze in your pastures, and drink at your pumps; drivers, malignant though unseen, still lash their unreal sides with cutting whips, until they become overcome with ghastly ire, and viciously kick over their spectral traces; defunct racers still haunt the scenes of their former triumphs, skim with feet unshod round the inside track, and scornfully turn up their goblin noses at the fastest earthly time on record; transparent donkeys wag complacently their celestial ears, and brush off airy flies with unsubstantial tails. Swine, full grown although unseen,

proud as in life, ferociously prowl about your streets, seeking what they may devour, and expressing with inaudible grunts their paradisiac satisfaction; bodiless pigs squeal under formless gates; dogs still follow with unheard tread their dreamy masters, wagging their placid phantom tails, or searching through their shaggy hides with savage teeth for spiritual fleas. Pole-cats invisible still haunt your barns, searching for airy chickens, finding ghostly eggs in unheard-of nests; then stealing, and giving odor in your cellars; apparitions of departed cats haunt pulseless mice, and in your parlors phantom kittens chase their goblin tails. Henceforth let every man take heed, lest in pulling off his boots he kick his dear departed CARLO; and let every maiden lady bestow herself in her favorite rocking-chair in awe and perturbation, lest the cushion be already occupied by defunct TABBY and her spectral litter.'

'When my darling PLUTO had spoken thus, the company began to disappear. A mist seemed gradually to envelop all, and one by one they faded from my mortal vision, and soon all save PLUTO had vanished from my sight. He only remained to give me one last assurance that the creed of the well-known Indian mentioned by Mr. POPE is true, who firmly believes that in the happy hunting-ground hereafter,

'His faithful dog shall bear him company.'

How many synonyms are here brought together! - - - ONE would think that the horrors of war were in themselves enough, without the occurrence of such scenes as the following, in one of the divisions of the British army. The terrors of battle itself, it seems to us, are out-weighed by such excessive punishment as this for a petty theft, and 'threatening language to a sergeant.' The victim in this case is a private in the 'Twenty-Sixth Cameronians:' 'I had expected a bloody scene, for floggings in the army are always more or less so; but the reality far exceeded all I had ever dreamed of human torture. At the fifth stroke of the lash, the flesh rose up on the sufferer's back, the welts thicker than my wrist, and the writhing of the body showed the intense agony endured. As each successive lash fell on the lacerated and bleeding back, the blood flowed out upon all around. After the fortieth lash had been inflicted, he was untied, and after staggering a few paces, he fell fainting, when he was removed to the hospital, and placed under the charge, of the medical officer.' The poor fellow had additionally to receive one hundred and four days' solitary confinement! Small encouragement this, we should say, for 'taking HER MAJESTY'S shilling,' and enlisting in the British service, particularly when taken in connection with the 'hospital-scenes' recorded by an officer and eye-witness in '*The Story of the Campaign*,' in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine: 'Amputations had been very numerous, and the stumps of arms and legs projecting from the bed-clothes were frequent along the rows of sufferers. One man lay covered up, face and all: he had undergone amputation of the hip-joint four days before. One man, a French chasseur, had lost *both* arms in a cavalry charge at Balaklava.' But, 'speaking of flogging,' let us afford the reader, 'in this connection,' a very striking view of the awful punishment by the *Russian knout*. It is perfectly authentic, having been witnessed by an English merchant, then resident at St. Petersburg. The victim in this case had killed a man, and was sentenced to receive one hundred and one lashes of the knout, that number being considered equivalent to a sentence of death. A *direct* sentence of death is by the law of Russia abolished, except for military and state crimes:

'THE place of punishment was in a field where a horse-market had been held, on the banks of the Ligasa canal, a mile or so from the admiralty. The preparations were simple enough. A strong flat stake, and a few mats laid on the ground formed the

whole that were visible. The stake was nearly five feet high, planted very firmly in the ground, and sloping about eight or ten inches off the perpendicular. It was about four inches thick, but of unequal breadth, being fully two feet at the top, and tapering gradually groundward to the earth, where it was not above eight inches. On the top, it was hollowed out into three semi-circles, the central one being appropriated to the neck, and the two others for the arms of the criminal. Near to the ground there was a hole through the stake, to pass a cord for fastening the malefactor's ankles. The mats were to make a firm footing for the executioners.

'Exactly at seven o'clock, the prisoner appeared, guarded by four soldiers with naked sabres, accompanied by several officers of police, and followed by two executioners, each bearing under his arm a bundle containing knout-thongs. The battalion now formed a hollow square, three deep—the police, executioners, and criminal being in the centre.

'The executioners, or floggers, in Russia, are themselves criminals, kept in perpetual confinement, save when taken out to perform their cruel office, which, from pent-up revenge, they render as agonizing as possible to the poor sufferer. The first executioner was the coarsest specimen of humanity I ever saw. His height was over six feet, his shoulders were immoderately broad, his body large, and his limbs bulky and athletic; his head was covered with dark-colored coarse bristles, and his complexion was of a fierce mahogany tinge. His assistant, a strong and muscular young man, was his very counterpart, being one of the most favorable specimens of a young Russian peasant I had ever met with.

'I must now describe the criminal. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, very full built, but of low stature, with a very stolid countenance; but he showed neither remorse nor fear. He seemed perfectly callous; took off his cap, and coolly prepared himself for his terrible punishment.

'Having thrown aside his *caftan* and his shirt, and having nothing on but his trousers and his boots, he approached the stake with a firm step, and was securely fastened to it by the executioners, who now threw off their coats and got ready the instruments of torture. The *knout* consists of a handle about a foot long, with a piece of twisted hide of the same length. To this hide is attached, by a loop, a piece of thong, prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and an inch broad. It is changed after every six or eight blows, being unfit for use when it becomes at all soft.

'The senior executioner having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the thong of the knout on the ground behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the very middle of the criminal's back, leaving a deep crimson mark of an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waist-band of his trowsers.

'Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a *yell* of agony, and every fibre of his body seemed in a state of violent and instantaneous contortion. With hardly an interval the blow was repeated, followed by the same result, the same frightful yell, the same appalling shudder! The second mark appeared about an inch from and parallel to the first: a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant.

'After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who had in the mean time been fitting on a fresh thong, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process.

'In this manner did they continue, mutually relieving one another, at each relay adding a new thong, until the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the sufferer. About the fiftieth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly. From the first until about the twentieth blow, each was followed by the same scream and convulsions; from the twentieth to the fiftieth, both gradually became weaker—the latter, indeed, had degenerated into a sort of involuntary shivering. After the fiftieth,

both ceased: the criminal's head fell to one side; and although each touch of the knout brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

'The criminal's back now exhibited a horrid spectacle. It was one mangled, bloated mass, of a dark crimson hue; yet still mangled as it was, not a drop of blood came from it. A common cart having been drawn into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was fastened to the stake, and, with assistance, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly upon him, then his caftan, then a mat over all.

'When removed from the stake he was quite insensible; so much so that I did not suppose he would survive till he reached the hospital: but I was mistaken; for upon observing him attentively, after being placed in the cart, I perceived that he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. No surgeon was present, nor was one needed. The number of stripes is specified, and, happen what may, they must be administered.

'He was driven off to the prison with the same guards and attendants as at first; the whole affair, from the arrival to the departure of the poor victim, not exceeding twenty minutes.

'What became of him afterward I could not learn; but I have little doubt that in a few days he died from the fever and mortification that were likely, I might rather say *certainly*, to follow such severe injury. And even in the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his terrible punishment.

'Such is *The Knout*.'

Solely a Russian 'institution!' - - - THERE are objections to Shanghais, no doubt; but we never thought of *this*. Our 'Up-River' correspondent, even, whose 'experience' has been recorded in these pages, makes no mention of it. It is very curious, but it is true. The way of it was this: Mr. S—— an old resident of Stillwater, on the upper Hudson, introduced among his family of hens a few Shanghais, including a rooster, of formidable dimensions, who had 'run to legs' a good deal. His 'crow' was peculiar, and easily distinguished from that of the pro-celestial cock. It came to be a 'second nature' for his owner to hear it in the early morning-watches, for which he was wont to wait, as for the coming of a 'celestial morn.' One morning he had waited to hear a repetition of the usual summons, after being aroused by the 'shrill clarion' once sounded; but he heard it not again. The *other* roosters were doing their best; but the preëminent chanticleer was still. Mr. S—— went out to see what had caused the silence. He found the rooster lying on his back, with both legs out of joint. After an examination, he set both legs; the cock walked off, and gave vent to his satisfaction in a lusty crow. In the very act, he dropped as if he had been shot. He had crowded his legs out again! He was kept three or four days, and then killed. 'It was too much trouble,' said Mr. S——, 'to set him every time he crowed!' - - - WE are at length honored in a Quarterly that bids fair to reflect credit upon the literature of the metropolis. As at present conducted, the '*New-York Review*' is winning golden opinions from the public and the public press. Its articles are not mere dissertations, with the name of a book prefixed to them; they are what they purport to be, 'reviews,' and very vigorous and spirited many of them are. The work is well-printed upon good paper, with a large, clear type. It is rapidly acquiring a large circulation. - - - 'I AM a great admirer,' writes 'Meister KARL,' in a pleasant note to the Editor, 'of the sublime pig-like philosophy of a half-civilized Indian. If drunk as a peep, he 'lays down,' and bothers his

great soul about nothing, even when sober. Take the following, which I gleaned from an old Yankee, recently: A certain Penobscot had held several very long talks with a good clergyman, he (Penobscot) professing to be very anxious to secure religion and redemption. Not long after, the good minister, riding along, beheld the 'senap' laid out, drunk as a piper, by the road-side. For a minute he checked his horse, and gazed sorrowfully on the prostrate back-slider; then sadly ambled away. But a deep and emphatic grunt, (*did you ever hear a real Penobscot grunt?* No Indian in the world can come the 'entire swine' in the vocal line to begin with it,) a grunt, I say, recalled him. Looking around, 'senap' was seen making tremendous efforts to keep his eyes open, and to summon back the priest. He returned, when the Indian guttural'd out: 'You 'member that *little notion* me talk to you 'bout? Ugh! Well—*me give that little notion up!*' The good preacher rode away, deeply impressed with the *value* of an Indian conversion! We have a kindred story for 'by-and-bye.' - - - Most cordially and fully do we indorse the following. Mr. WALLACE was a welcome and honored contributor to this Magazine, and his papers excited marked attention, both in America and Europe. The work to which reference is had below will receive hereafter that notice which its merits deserve at our hands: 'Nearly two years ago, the friends of Mr. HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, of Philadelphia, were startled by intelligence of his sudden death, in Paris. He was but thirty-five years of age, yet he had already gained an extended reputation as a writer on the law, and in the select circle in which he was best known, it was not doubted that he would acquire a far higher fame in literature and philosophy. Indeed it was believed by some that he was incomparably the greatest genius this country had produced; and DANIEL WEBSTER, in remarking that 'although the development of noble characters had always been with him a favorite and frequent study, he doubted whether history could furnish an example of such extraordinary intelligence and universal accomplishment at so early a period in life,' but expressed the estimation in which Mr. WALLACE's powers were held by those who were admitted to his intimate conversation. Wherever he went among the great thinkers of Europe, he left the same impression of his capacities, mingled with a most affectionate respect for his character; and AUGUSTE COMTE, 'the BACON of the nineteenth century,' says of him in the preface to his '*Système de Politique Positive*,' 'I do not exaggerate his merits in ranking him the equal of the greatest American statesmen.' The loss of such a character was justly regarded as a national calamity, and by his friends was felt the more keenly, because his life had thus far been one of preparation, and he had left but little to justify to strangers the praises which they themselves knew were due to him. Dr. HERMAN HOOKER, of Philadelphia, has published a volume of his essays, under the title of '*Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe: being Fragments from the Port-folio of Horace Binney Wallace*'—and in this will be found such illustrations of his genius as will make every reader a mourner for him. The essays on art are evidently but rough drafts of portions of a work Mr. WALLACE intended to prepare on that subject; but they are full of profound reflections and original and striking ideas, clothed in a style alike terse, perspicuous, and splendid, enriched with the best

graces of learning and imagination.' - - - Two 'Legal' and 'Clerical' 'bits' from a correspondent in far-away 'Down East,' even unto the rising of the sun, and the 'jumping-off place' thereof:

'THE qualifications for admission to the Bar in Maine are now merely the payment of twenty dollars, and the production of that curious thing, 'a certificate of good moral character.'

'Perhaps the standard of professional eminence is not improving; but the forensic displays are certainly less dry. One of the counsellors under the new system, recently expostulated in the following eloquent language with a justice who rejected the testimony of a witness as false:

'*Will* your honor,' said he, '*will* this court, *blast* that young man, and *blast* his youth, and stamp his youthful brow with the diadem of perjury!'

'In another matter, (a 'Maine Law' case,) he requested the court to instruct the jury 'to take into consideration *the circumstances of the law*, and *the circumstances of the facts*, and thereupon to draw their own inferences whether — a bottle being found with its cork gone — that bottle originally contained root-beer or rum!'

'In a claim for land-damages, he was stating the distance 'from one *termini*' of the railroad to the other '*termini*.' '*Terminus!* Brother C——!' said his opponent. '*Terminus* or *termini*!' replied he, 't is all the same in law; and is the same as dee-pot in English!'

'PARSON B ——,' of this vicinity, has a great 'gift' in prayer, especially at funerals:

'At that of a militia major, just after the September muster, he thus ejaculated:

'O LOD! here is our friend the Major, dead! O LOD! we lately saw him figuring away at the head of his regiment, on STEVENS'S Plains! And, O LOD! we humbly trust he is now doing the same thing in heaven!' A faithful, unvarnished report.

A 'companion-piece' to this awaits insertion. - - - 'ONE of my boys,' writes a Savannah correspondent, 'some fourteen years old, having brought home a finely-executed drawing of the head of SHAKESPEARE, from a bust, having exhausted above-stairs the encomiums of brothers, sisters, and parents, was wending his way, as Southern children always do, toward the lower regions, to receive the plaudits the 'darkies' are ever ready to lavish on any effort of genius, and which are always most grateful. He passed SCIPIO, the house-servant, leaning on his scrubbing-brush, on the piazza: 'What's that, Mas' WALTER?' 'A head of SHAKESPEARE I have just drawn.' 'Ah! why, I don't 'probe ob it at all; I don't t'ink it is a good likeness; berry poor, Mas' WALTER.' 'Why, SCIPIO, what do you mean? how should you know whether it's a good likeness or not?' 'How does I know? E'yah! e'yah! well now, dat *does* beat! You t'ink because you study de Lattim an' de dixsummary, you hab so much more acknowledgement in you' head dan I got in mine. But not *always*, Mas' WALTER: 'on some p'int's I hab more dan you.' 'Well, well, I know that full well, SCIPIO, but about the likeness: *why* is n't it a good one?' 'Why, bekase (leaning on his brush and looking wondrous wise) the beard am entirely too short, and de forehead retrieve back, entirely too farder before de hair begins.' 'Why, SCIPIO, you must be crazy: this is exactly like all the heads of SHAKESPEARE.' 'Pho! pho! Mas' WALTER: you do n't fool dis nigger: does n't I know how SHAKESPEARE, de omnibus-driber, stand, jist as well as you?' 'SHAKESPEARE the omnibus-driver! —

ha! ha! That's good! Why, man, this is SHAKESPEARE, the writer of the plays!' 'Oh! oh! den I ax pardon, Mas' WALTER. I was under de expression dat it was SHAKESPEARE de omnibus-drier!' Savannah boasts a fine-looking 'whip' who handles the lines magnificently, and bears 'this cognomen, and moreover boasts his descent, through some circuitous route, from the Swan of Avon; and SCIPIO felt himself almost as well acquainted with the immortal bard as the former, since once a fortnight he had arranged tables, lights, and books for Shakespearian Readings, kept up all winter by his mistress, for herself and friends. - - - A RECENT letter-writer mentions the following interesting incident as having occurred during his visit to the great Cathedral at Montreal: 'The doors of the church are constantly open; and while we were there, a number, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, came in to perform religious duties. Among them were three squaws and two Indian boys. As they entered the door, they dipped their fingers into the font of holy water, formed the cross in the usual manner, and then knelt down in prayer. One of the squaws had a papoose, whose little head was tastefully adorned. This babe the mother seemed to be presenting to the SAVIOUR, for, from its age, it was probably the first time she had ever visited with it this sacred place. They continued in prayer a few moments, and then retired, 'whispering supplications.' - - - THE following is a just tribute to the excellence of one of the most extensive and best-appointed riding-schools in America: 'The famous Lord BACON recommended horse back exercise to all those whose avocations were sedentary, and the dictum of medical men is in favor of equestrianism, from its beneficial influence in restoring and continuing in good health. We know of no better place for the acquirement of this healthful and graceful art than the establishment of Mr. W. H. DISBROW, where he is admirably assisted by his brother and sister, Mr. D. R. DISBROW and Miss ANNIE DISBROW. Their riding-school is at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth street.' - - - A PLEASANT contributor 'down east' sends us the following. We have *seen* 'Old Dick' and his 'snails':

'Did you ever obtain a 'site' of the 'snails' on the Lake George steam-boat? Very likely they have become an old *tale* to you, but many who read these pages (it is supposed that every *honest* man does) may not have been alike fortunate, and we'll give them a chance to smile too. It was my first visit to that *belle-mer*. I pray Heaven not the last. The boat had just left Caldwell, and as I sat leaning over the guards and gazing down into those marvellously clear waters, I was fast losing myself in pleasant dreamy thoughts, from which I was soon aroused by one of my travelling companions, an old tourist. He touched my shoulder, saying, 'Come forward, G—, and I'll show you the best sight the lake affords.' I arose and followed, till we came to where a small knot of the passengers stood around a singular-looking old man, who appeared to be exhibiting the contents of a large, oblong-shaped box, raised on a rude stand. I drew near, and saw that a glass frame protected the contents, and on the under side of the up-turned lid I read these words there painted:

'WRAT-TALE snails
cix sents a site
by old DICK.'

One glance into the box explained the meaning of the sign, and I broke through the *charmed* circle, returning a half-hour after to give 'Old Dick' his 'cix sents.' I had had my full money's worth.

'What queer people one does fall in with at our great American watering-places! The 'all sorts of people' that 'it takes to make up a world' are there most fully represented; and if the Yankees ever return from a journey no wiser than when they set out, it is not from the lack of asking all manner of questions. Here is an instance in point:

'A lady, with whom I have the honor of an acquaintance, was spending some time at Niagara, a few years ago, and in company with her husband, was one day looking at the Falls. After awhile, she became conscious that a lady who stood near, a well-dressed stranger, was gazing at her very intently. As my friend suddenly looked up and caught her eye, she exclaimed apologetically, 'Oh! excuse me, Ma'am, I was noticing your pin,' (this was an exquisite head of DANTE in lava.) 'Is it a daguerotype?' My friend replied, 'No, it is lava.' 'Oh! lava, is it?' She seemed puzzled, and probably concluded it to be some invention since that of DAGUERRE, of which she had not before heard. 'Yes, it is the head of DANTE.' 'Oh! an acquaintance of your'n?' My friend bowed, but when the anecdote was told me, I suggested that the inquisitress would probably have been better satisfied had she been told that Mr. DANTE was the father of Miss ANN DANTE, a young lady quite celebrated in musical circles.

'The annexed epitaph may be seen in a Rhode-Island church-yard:

'HERE lies the body of MARGARET O'BRIEN,
Who died March, 1849, aged seventeen years.

'Her bereaved parents have erected this stone
In memory of her and their posterity!'

'Another: Mr. P——, a wealthy citizen of P——, N. H., married a few years ago, at the age of seventy-five, his fourth wife, a maiden of sixty. Mr. P—— died in less than a year, and lately his widow purchased a lot in the new and beautiful cemetery at P——, and procured the interment there of Mr. P—— and her three predecessors. They lie in four graves, and a space has been left next that of Mr. P—— for the survivor's final resting-place. A monument has been erected, giving on one side the names of the deceased, and on the other the simple and appropriate epitaph:

'OUR HUSBAND.'

'A CONUNDRUM: What color most resembles invisible green? Answer: Blind man's buff.'

MR. HARRISON HALL, of Philadelphia, writes us touching a remark in the preface to the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' 'that the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine was the oldest Monthly of its class now or ever in America.' Mr. HALL states 'that '*The Port-Folio*' was established in Philadelphia in 1801, by JOSEPH DENNIE, and edited from 1826 to 1827 by JOHN E. HALL, when it was discontinued.' This is true. But were the contents of the '*Port-Folio*' all written for it? Was it an entirely original magazine? We believe not. An admirable work it certainly was, and unquestionably the pioneer of literary magazines in this country. The accomplished editor was a worthy exemplar to the best who might follow him. Complete sets of the '*Port-Folio*' are now in demand, as a work of reference for libraries; and it is a remarkable circumstance, mentioned by Mr. HALL, that a copy of it was purchased in London for the Astor Library. - - - ANOTHER amusing 'Screed' from 'Skinpenny': 'Q—— was elected 'Side-Judge' in one of the county-courts of Vermont. He was not very well versed in 'legal lore,' so he called on a friend of his, who had served as Side-Judge, to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories the reply was: 'Sir, I have filled this important and honorable office several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question. On the last day of

the Spring term, 184—, the Judge, after listening to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, turned to me and whispered: 'Q —, *is n't this bench made of hard wood?* — and I told him I rather thought it was.' — C — was an unfortunate man, as far as 'financial matters' were concerned. Bills were presented to him for payment, and writs served upon him so often, that he finally became desperate. One warm summer day he was passing by the 'Skinpenny North American Hotel,' on the steps of which the Sheriff was standing. Now the Sheriff was a portly man, and perspired freely. Accordingly, he took off his hat to wipe his brow just as the 'unfortunate individual' came along-side. 'For Heaven's sake, Mr. Sheriff, don't! shrieked C —: 'shoot me, stab me, but don't let me see *them're papers!*' 'Them're papers' did n't happen to be in the hat *that* time, and C — bore the laugh willingly.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT '*From the Country*' has our thanks: none the less that from our over-abundance of *matériel* we are not enabled to avail of the writer's proffered favors. The following remarks we fully indorse. Too many of the 'books in books' clothing,' of the present day, are scarcely worth recording among the 'literary novelties' of the time. They are *no* novelties. Exaggerated, un-original, inflated, feeble, many of them reflect neither credit upon the writers, nor upon the public taste which tolerates them. But listen to our correspondent: 'What we require of our authors is, that they do not *dazzle*, but *warm* us. We are most of us chilly, shivering creatures, and need the genial radiance of more generous natures. I care not for the brightness of an author's genius, if it be but the reflected splendor of an ice-berg. All the gorgeous *fantasying* the world ever saw, is utterly vain and worthless, unless it have some throbbing radiant *life of its own*. We are wearied by the coruscations of intellect, but never by the kindly overflowing of an exuberant Soul. It is *this* which makes the memory of STEELE and GOLDSMITH so precious. They hold out their great hands to us, meekly and kindly, and we, in our gratitude, call them immortal. Who is there that thinks without *affection* of our own IRVING? The words of such as these cannot die. There is a saving *element* within them that preserves them spotless, and exempt alike from time and decay.' They are the world's benefactors. - - - It is truly refreshing, says the '*Home Journal*,' with whom is the KNICKERBOCKER, to read the philosophic lines of the chief of English contemplative poets, on the fair type and on the white page which they so well deserve. For the first time are we provided with an edition of WORDSWORTH, adequate in style to our taste and sense of the appropriate; and for this we acknowledge no small obligations to the judicious editor, Professor CHILDS, of Cambridge, and the enterprising publishers, Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND Co., of Boston. The work consists of seven volumes, uniform with the rest of the American Aldine edition of the British Poets. It is an admirable set of books for an elegant, economical, and permanently valuable gift. EVANS AND DICKERSON, corner of Broadway and Fourth-street, are the New-York publishers. We trust the enterprise is successful. - - - We hope it may not be 'set down against us,' if we give the following gratifying passage from a note to the EDITOR, just received from an old and esteemed friend and correspondent, in relation to a 'party of the third part,' who is also both: 'We got a letter

from our mutual friend, 'The Wanderer,' yesterday, written on board a Mississippi steamer. He was enjoying his trip 'up to the handle.' When first on board, knowing that he must 'state-room' with some body, he was fearful of being quartered with 'some body as was n't much.' Being introduced to a gentleman, he fortunately ascertained that the new acquaintance was a regular reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, a frequent correspondent, very familiar with the names of the L — Brothers, and told him that he had seen our friend 'H. P. L.'s last article in three papers. Away went all suspicion—for who could suspect a regular reader of the KNICKERBOCKER of being any thing but a 'brick,' and your correspondent got a trust-worthy state-room companion. *Moral:* Always subscribe to, or at least read the KNICKERBOCKER, for when the fact is proclaimed, it will be *prima-facie* evidence of having an honest heart, and of being moreover a 'brick,' and one who can be trusted. *Credit is money.* When you travel, always find out whether your *vis-à-vis* reads the KNICKERBOCKER, and then (and not till then) confide in him! *Al-so, Adé.* - - - GOVERNOR ANTHONY, editor of the '*Providence Daily Journal*,' has a keen sense of the burlesque and the ridiculous, beside being otherwise a man of genial wit and humor. If our esteemed friend and contemporary, PUTNAM, had not permitted a correspondent in an article in his popular '*Monthly*,' on '*New-York Church-Architecture*,' to abuse the spire of St. PAUL's Church—the most symmetrical, graceful and every-way beautiful erection of its kind in the city—we do n't know but 'editorial comity' would have excluded the following from our pages; but as it is, we must print it, to avenge an onslaught upon one of our too sparse specimens of true architectural taste. Under the query, '*Is a Grist-Mill a Tholus?*' the *Journal* observes:

'A COMMENDABLE tendency of the magazine literature of the day is to popularize and simplify the most abstruse subjects, and to make them intelligible and attractive to the general reading public. This is well illustrated in the last number of *Putnam's Magazine*, in which the views of the erudite Dr. BRYNJULFVSON and other well-known Danish runologists, upon the subject of the discovery of America by the Northmen, are presented in the most lucid manner. At the same time, the individual notions of their commentators are advanced with wonderful clearness. We are struck with the brief simplicity of the following observation on the origin and purposes of the Old Stone Mill at Newport. It disposes of the whole question:

'It is,' says the writer, 'a simple Tholus of the monopteral kind, and has many analogues extant in the north of Europe.'

'There are persons, no doubt, who will admit that it is a Tholus, but at the same time insist that it is of the *duopteral*, *tetropteral*, or it may be, such is the depravity of human nature, that it is even of the *tiptopteral* order! We have no sympathy with those who hold the latter opinion. But however widely scholars may differ upon this question, they must agree with the writer in *Putnam* in respect to the Dighton Rock. He acknowledges to a shadow of doubt as to its merits as a runic memorial:

'Not but what it was visited and may have been engraved by the VIKING, of which it bears evidence, but simply because its characters partake of a cryptographic, indeterminate form, akin to no rune symbols, and affording no evidence of verbal construction, being intermingled and coalescent,

'We think we shall violate no confidence in informing a naturally anxious public that the article from which we have quoted is from the fertile pen of the learned author of the popular treatise '*ON THE DIAPHANOUS NATURE OF MUD*, adapted to common-schools,' in seven volumes, half-calf.'

We should like to see a copy of that book! - - - We hear with pleasure that Mr. THOMAS DOUGHTY, the distinguished landscape-painter, is about to open a school in this city to 'teach the young idea how to paint.' No one among us is more capable of giving instruction in art than Mr. DOUGHTY. Any one wishing to join his classes may leave their names with Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS, AND WILLIAMS, Number 353 Broadway, where terms, etc., may be ascertained, and where also may be seen some of Mr. DOUGHTY's very beautiful landscapes, recently executed. The school will open some time during the month of April. - - - READ on in this paragraph until you come to the end, and you will find out what the writer is 'driving at'; but you never would suspect what was meant, if you did n't do so. It is a very adroit way of 'getting the ear of the public':

'If you wish for pure water, go to the fountain-head. Until the latter end of the sixteenth century, water was generally believed to be a simple element, and the discovery of its being a compound may be considered as one of the most important and astonishing that has been made in chemical science. Pure water is a liquid, transparent, colorless, insipid substance; by a moderate degree of cold it is converted into a solid, transparent body, called ice; and at the temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees of FAHRENHEIT's thermometer, it becomes rarefied, is augmented in bulk, and quickly dispersed in the form of vapor. It is diffused through the atmosphere, and over the surface of the globe; exists in a certain proportion in animals, vegetables, and minerals; but pure water can only be obtained at the fountain-head. Hence the laws of God and nature are in perfect harmony with each other. If I am sick, I go or send for a physician; if I want my watch regulated, I go to the man that understands the art; if I want a job done in the art of printing, I go to the printer's office; if I want work done by a blacksmith, I go to his shop; if I want a house or a ship constructed, I go to the builder's yards, and there contract for the house or ship. So I may say, *'If you want good boots made, or boots and shoes repaired, give me a call!'* I profess to understand that art. All the arts are honorable, if found in the hands of their legal and rightful owners; but most contemptible in the hands of usurpers. . . . I profess to be neither poor nor rich; wise nor unwise; learned nor unlearned; but I am just what I am, a manufacturer of boots, of the very best quality, made of French calf-skin. I also repair boots and shoes!'

While all will honor the advertiser for his defence of an honest calling, most readers will think him an adept at getting people to read his advertisement, by a very round-about way. This learned son of St. CRISPIN lives in one of the pleasant country-villages on the banks of the Hudson, and his 'compositions' appear in the weekly village-newspaper. He would n't make a bad assistant-journalist, by any means, if the editor should happen to be 'short-handed' in his department. - - - From a lady-correspondent in Georgia, for whose kind and grateful words we desire to express our cordial thanks, we receive the subjoined extract from an unpublished manuscript, an Indian tale, entitled, *'Leila's Letter to her Mother from the Georgia Mountains:'*

'How beautiful and touching an incident is that related of the mother, who, at work on a ledge of rock, in the excitement and interest in her necessary employment, lost sight for a moment of the precious infant she had taken with her to her place of daily toil, who had sidled off toward the edge of the precipice, whence, to the agonized gaze of the too-suddenly conscious mother, it needed but a moment more to transform him into a shapeless mass below! Maternal instinct, the strong current of her mother's heart-blood tightening around her chest, precluded scream or sudden motion. Calmly it led her to prostrate herself and bare her bosom to her stray boy's gaze. He saw, he turned, the little creeper, and in a moment more was clasped to that scarce-beating heart, pressed to that heaving breast; all unconscious of past dangers, revelling in present joy, to drink in life-saving as well as life-giving nourishment. Oh! precious thought!—the noble instinct of a mother's heart. Is it not even thus in the moral world? While the father's whole soul is so enwrapped with anxiety and care, and struggles to provide for the wants of his family, and the mother

amid her daily duties and multiplied engagements for the younger ones, mayhap some fledgling of the nest, hitherto guarded and cherished tenderly, is suddenly lost to sight or thought, and like the little unknowing creeper, is treading unconsciously on dangerous ground, or entering, unwarned, some trying scene tending to moral ruin. Were the bosom of love overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and yearning tenderness, bared to his gaze, might not the wanderer be lured back to home and virtue? — to love and safety? Whereas, alas! too often the astounding shriek startles the trembler to a sudden movement that becomes the last fatal step over the brink of the precipice, into the gulf below. How few of the young and erring are, how many might be, reclaimed to truth and virtue by timely, thoughtful tenderness.

'Oh! maternal, parental love! — go beyond physical needs and mental culture: swell in the breast, flow in the veins with gushing fullness, for the moral as well as the physical weakness of your offspring; and save, by one act of tender love, the trembling toddler on life's entrance, to expand perhaps into the perfect stature of a man — of mind, and heart, and virtue — instead of being hurried over the brink of error, to be destroyed for ever!'

'I HAVE an acquaintance here, whom I should like you to know,' writes a Louisville friend, 'by the name of HORACE M——, some of whose sayings have struck me as worthy of a place in the 'Gossip.' HORACE, one day at table, during the green-corn season, asked for some corn. The Irish servant, not understanding him, stooped down and said, 'Hay?' 'No, corn,' said HORACE. Result, he was very soon 'corned.' On another occasion, the fire-bells rang, and HORACE went out to learn something about the fire. On his return, he said, 'It was a small affair; it was a very insignificant house, and the engines soon put it out.' Here his friends began to laugh. 'What are you laughing at?' said he. 'Why, you said the engines put the house out.' 'Well, what if I did?' said HORACE, totally unconscious of any flaw in his language. This increased the merriment of his friends. HORACE began to think there was 'something too much of this,' and said, in a rather impatient tone, 'I should be obliged if you would inform me of the cause of your merriment.' One of his friends again explained: 'You *meant* to say the firemen put out the *fire*, but you said they put out the *house*.' 'Well,' said HORACE, triumphantly, 'was n't the house a *fire*?' And so his friends were 'put out.' - - - EUREKA! Eureka! — We have found it at last! — a *Fountain Pen*, that will write for hours without once dipping in an ink-stand; which cannot blot; which writes with the elasticity of a quill, being of gold; which is not liable to get out of order; which is filled in a moment in the simplest manner, by suction; which you can carry in your pocket, and take out at any time, and write as you would with a pencil; and lastly, which is decidedly handsome. Such is '*Prince's Protean Fountain Pen*,' the office of which is at Number Eight, APPLETON'S Building, No. 348 Broadway, adjoining our own office. - - - The ticket to the '*Select Ball*,' sent us by our Iowa friend, 'J. O. H.,' is 'rich;' but it would require chirographic engraving to do it justice. We segregate the subjoined passage from our correspondent's epistle: '*Alex.*' our '*Joker*,' was up at Chicago, the other day, and saw Mr. K ——, the former rector of our parish. He had given Mr. C ——, our present rector, a beautiful pointer-dog, and he referred to the fact in this way. In reply to Mr. K ——'s question, 'How are you getting on?' he replied in his sober, quizzical way: 'Well, I guess they are doing pretty well *now*. I gave the parish a dog, but they had to kill him, for he'd '*stand*' on every Presbyterian he'd meet!' We give this authentic anecdote for the purpose of asking: 'How long will it be before profess-

ing Christians, all certainly travelling toward eternity, and as they all hope, as certainly toward Heaven also, will cease to quarrel concerning the different *paths* which lead to that 'celestial abode?' - - - A VERY full and interesting '*Historical Review of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road,*' from its first inception to the present time, has been published by MASON BROTHERS. It is from the pen of ELEAZER LORD, Esq., of Piermont, who was twice elected President of the road, and is thoroughly conversant with every important event connected with this great and greatly-growing enterprise. In its style it is simple, dignified, and direct. - - - A SCENE and colloquy jotted down by our friend and correspondent, the author of '*The Puddleford Papers,*' one night in the sanctum :

'RICH TERMAGANT WOMAN: French SON-IN-LAW: very poor and very extravagant:

'SON-IN-LAW: 'I must have one thousand dollars more dis day, or they sue me!'

'MOTHER: 'I cannot — I will not!'

'SON-IN-LAW: (*excited.*) 'I go to de jail, den, rite away — to jail, den!'

'MOTHER: (*throwing up her hands*) 'I will die! I will die!'

'SON-IN-LAW: (*in ecstasies.*) 'You just die, den; die! — you die! I give you one *splataindid funeral!*'

Something very MANTILINI-ish about this! - - - 'I LENT a brother, who is a parson,' writes a Cambridge (Ill.) correspondent, 'a mare, 'good at heart, but badly run down between 'sulky shafts.' A few months after I inquired after her, and here is the answer: 'You inquire about 'the mare.' I am sorry not to be able to write more encouragingly. She is a gone case. At least it is of no use for you to think of getting any thing out of her. All the best judges I have consulted unite in saying that you will not be able to run her more. Poor old horse! I might send her back for you to winter, but can't think of having her a dead loss on your hands. No; for charity's sake, I will keep her. Poor old mare! let her die. She will want a funeral sermon pronounced over her. Brother — would charge a quarter-eagle for the service; I'll do it gratis. Another reason why I keep her: the mare would probably drink your well dry. Reason third: beside, she has a *new* disease — the staggers, perhaps; at least, she does n't know how to *stand*: and when astride of her, sometimes her heels are in the air, sometimes her paws. It is highly dangerous for a physician. I don't know as 'staggers' is the technic. Reason fourth: farther, she is *bloated* some; that is, her ribs and other parts show less. I am sorry, but it's so. Reason fifth: then she is the subject of remark — 'Good traveller that' — and 'such-like' insinuations. Sixth and lastly: farmers say that sulky-shafts will be fatal to her! I am afraid they will!' - - - 'A FEW years ago,' writes a Buffalo friend, 'Gen. S —, of your city was a lay-member of the Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention. During a debate on a proposition relative to Bishop ONDERDONK's matters, a clerical delegate arose and opposed the proposition pending, as it was 'contrary to the canons of the Church.' With a flashing eye the old General started to his feet, and addressed the Convention: 'Mr. Chairman: The Reverend gentleman opposes the proposition, and, with an air of *military* knowledge, tells us that it is 'contrary to the cannons of the Church.' Sir, I have had some military experience

myself, Sir; and I am sorry to hear the gentleman attempt to mix up military matters with this debate. I care not for his cannons, Sir; even the canons of the Church: I stand on the battlements of morality!' You may imagine the effect of this in full convention.' - - - '*The Albion*' presents its subscribers annually with a large engraving. The new one is a very excellent view of *Niagara*, from the north side of Goat Island, painted by WANDESFORD, and admirably engraved in line by R. HINSHELWOOD. It is one of the best representations of the Horse-Shoe Falls; and as a line-engraving, deserves especial notice. - - - EXTRACT of a recent letter from a gentleman in the West to his friend in this city: 'I wrote this in much haste, in the court-house, while a *'salt and battery'* suit was being tried, and D—— was making a humorous speech for the defendant, to laugh the plaintiff out of court. Defendant spoke of throwing plaintiff out of doors. Plaintiff said he would like to see him do it. Whereupon defendant *did* it. And the question seems to be whether plaintiff has 'his action for battery,' or whether, on the contrary, the suit should have been by defendant against plaintiff, for 'work and labor' done by defendant at plaintiff's request, in putting plaintiff out! *Our adv. vult.* - - - WE have received from the well-established Boston press of DITSON, the '*Lament of the Sailor-Boy's Mother*,' '*The Old Mountain Tree*,' and '*The Chilian War-Song*,' all written and composed by Mr. J. C. CLARK. The composition of appropriate words for music, and the ability deftly to adapt them to music, requires rare powers. Being neither a poet nor a musician, and an indifferent critic of 'words for music,' we cannot pronounce upon these productions. We learn, however, from direct authority, that they have found signal favor with the public: the best kind of criticism. - - - WE deeply regret to hear the loss which our friend DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, has sustained in the recent death of his wife, after a short but severe illness. She bore her great sufferings with Christian fortitude, 'leaning upon the bosom of her God.' Our friend has our warm sympathy with him in his great bereavement; but the death of a loved and loving wife is an event which truly makes the survivor feel the impotency of consolation. 'The grieved heart *must* weep.' - - - 'An old woman,' writes a correspondent from Leedsville, (New-York,) 'not many miles from here, went to the store to purchase some crockery. There was none, however, that quite suited her. There was one set that would be 'just the thing, only *they were so light-colored, they'd show dirt.*' The merchant replaced his earthen-ware, despairing of suiting so *fastidious* a customer. Another: A pedagogue in this neighborhood related to me a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell *hostility*. 'H-o-r-s-e, horse,' commenced PAT. 'Not *horse*-tily,' said the teacher; 'but *hos*-tily.' 'Sure,' replied PAT, 'an' did n't ye tell me, the other day, not to say *hoss*?' Be jabbers! it's *wan* thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt.' - - - A WARM, true heart has ceased to beat since our last number was issued. Captain ROBERT L. MAYBIE, whose name has more than once been mentioned in these pages, has departed to a 'better life,' leaving not an enemy in the world, and a memory which his friends will not let die. In all the relations of life he was above reproach. His heart was the abode of kindness, patriotism, and honor. May

he rest in peace in his too-early grave! - - - A CORRESPONDENT 'away down in the Jarsies,' as he calls it, sends us in a desultory epistle the subjoined passage from a discourse which he had recently heard delivered by a fervent but somewhat eccentric Methodist clergyman:

'It was my lot yesterday to hear an eccentric 'elder' of the Methodist 'persuasion,' whose 'praise is in all the churches,' and of whom I had frequently heard, as a rearer of capons and a lover of all the good things of this world, as well as of the other. I shall not attempt a description of his discourse, but give you a few items thereof. His text was from PAUL's Epistle to the Corinthians: 'My beloved brethren!' 'Now,' said he, 'PAUL meant that: 'My beloved brethren.' He had love for them in his heart; love to all men, and *women too*. For doubtless the word 'brethren' here includes sisters.' Here he alluded to the 'brotherly-love' of Christians, irrespective of sex; most eloquently enlarged upon the injunction, 'Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;' comparing the Christian's situation to that of a boat in the rapids, where it is necessary to *keep rowing* in order to prevent being carried down the stream, and then urging his hearers to labor and abound in this work, adding: 'Brethren, I'm afraid my talk to-day will bring some of you into condemnation; for instead of 'abounding,' you are slothful, and indolent, and lazy.' Plain talk that. 'But,' said he, 'PAUL didn't stop here. He knew that men weren't a-going to work unless they got pay for it. He knew that men would n't go to California, brave the dangers of the deserts, the sea, the tomahawk, the BOWIE-knife, and starvation, if there wasn't gold-dust for 'em to rake up when they got there; so he added a reason: 'Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not *in vain* in the Lord.' 'Oh! but,' says some hearer, 'we've only got *your word* for that.' 'No, you have n't, neither: 'For as much as *ye know* that your labor is not in vain.' No gold in California! 'Only got my word for it!' Why here! look here! Here are the ingots, brought by those who have *been* there! You can see for yourself! Those who *have* 'abounded' in this labor have got their pay already. They will show you the ingots. And they've got a *title* for more that they will get by-and-bye.'

This homely but fervid discourse is said to have been very effective with the preacher's unlearned and simple-minded hearers. Our correspondent mentions in this connection an anecdote of EVANS, the 'one-eyed man of Anglesea,' the celebrated Welsh Baptist preacher, which will appear hereafter. We are very far from agreeing with the writer in his extravagant encomiums upon the illustration of the passage concerning the swine running down a steep bank into the sea. If there was any 'eloquence' in the discourse, it must have been in the manner of the delivery, or else in some other portion of it than he has quoted. - - - ONE of the prettiest little things for children is '*Fanny Gray, a History of her Life*,' illustrated by six neatly-colored figures, with *movable bodies*. Our 'little folk' amuse themselves by the hour with them; nor are they without their lessons of costume to older 'women-kind.' CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY, Boston, and C. S. FRANCIS, Broadway, publish them. - - - WHILE we thank 'A Subscriber,' at San-Augustine, Texas, for his attention in sending us 'a brace of anecdotes,' yet we hesitate to publish any thing which may give offence to any particular religious denomination. Does not our correspondent appreciate our non-appropriation of his favors? - - - THIS has been our 'clearing house' month again. Deferred pages crowd out very many things that we had prepared for the present number. We implore the patience of publishers, and of correspondents, public and private.